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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

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Original Poetry.

WHERE IS SHE?

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MISS E. W. BALDWIN.

Oh! where is she? Each zone remains,
Where all is blushing rose-like wreaths,
The working bird, in tasteful strains,
Still send from the woods the lovely breath;
Beehems their glowing radiance fling
O'er each fair flower and waving tree,
All bloom beneath the smile of Spring,
All breathe of life—but where is she?

The softening shades of eve descend,
Around the hearth her kindred meet,
Now all their voices the gentle friend
Who once enjoyed that sweetness sweet;
Now, at the hallowed hour of prayer,
They fill the band and lend the lines,
Oh! there was one who loved to share
Those orisons—but where is she?

Day, need we ask?—It pass blue sky,
Empowered from pain, from care and woe!
She wears a blue more true and high,
Than all the demons joys below!
She walks with spirits pure and bright,
From ills, from bondage she is free,
And while we view the realms of light,
Say, should we sometimes—where is she?

If faith and trust on earth she dwelt,
In calm seclusion's path she trod,
Deeply for her Savior's love she felt,
Who died that she might live with God;
Then let us imitate her solemn charms,
The Christian's track our easy must be,
Then let us meet her selfish tears,
Nor ask in sorrow—where is she?

Original Novelet.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON.

A TALE OF

EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "The Deserted Wife," "Vivia; or, the Secret of Power," "Shadowdale," "The Discarded Daughter," &c., &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER I.

THE MOUNTAIN HUT.

A lonesome lodge,
That stands so lone in lonely glen,
The little window dim and dark,
Is hung with ivy, briar and vine,
Fantastic Redington.

Upon a glorious morning, in the midsummer of 18—, two equestrian travellers spurred their horses up the ascent of the Blue Ridge, by the bridle and most perilous pass of the Alleghanies.

Though the sun was near the meridian, and all the sky above was of a cloudless blue, a delightfully breezy and perfectly clear, yet all the earth beneath was covered by a thick, low-lying fog.

On reaching the highest point of the pass, both travellers drew rein and paused, looking—North, South, East, West—over this scene. And they might have rolling fronton to horizon below them! And while they so paused, let us catch that newly-risen sun of the new day that rests upon them, lighting up the group like fire where the fog, and daguerreotype them as they stand.

Both are young men of about the same age, probably twenty-five; both are well mounted upon fine bay horses; and both wear the waterdrum uniform of the — Regiment of Cavalry; and here all resemblance between them ceases.

He on the right hand, who holds in his horse's head with so tight a rein, causing the animal to stand to such his beautiful neck so gracefully, while he lets fly a falcon-glance around the shrouded horizon, is Amber Clifton, of Clifton, now holding the rank of Captain in the — Regiment of Cavalry. His form is of middle size, strongly built, yet elegantly proportioned. His complexion is dark and brunette at by exposure, his features are fine, but his whole appearance is that of a man of action, of energy, of resolution, and of an inclination for bounds against those nonsensicalness" in landed property.

"Perhaps you'll be sagging!" There is a tree thrown at the foot of the mountain, and a little to the left of the path. It must tell you about that, for it is the best waiters of a fine river.

It reaches from the mountain side and gradually that with many a leap, and fall, and whoosh, and wash, it comes tumbling from the side of the mountain, and falling into a channel at the foot of the lawn, flows calmly on, until it reaches the valley, where it loses itself in burying-ing through forests, fields and rocks, taking tributaries from every mountain-stream and gushing spring, down-stream, and widening as it goes, until it reaches the ocean, and loses itself in the sea—even as in the fondest days of the elder republics, many small communities of people, with vessels together, came rushing down from his highland home, and merged all the energy for her tributs in his course, hurried on to throw all its treasures at the feet of his sovereign, and lose itself in the ocean.

"Clifton!" said Fairlax, more solemnly than he had yet spoken, "I will trust you to discover your metaphors—all your thoughts, fancies and imaginings are—not of the earth, earthy,' but of the heavens, heavenly.' Of the sea, of the world, its castes, customs and conventions you have a thorough knowledge, but of the things of the grandest, the most imposing—oh! let me call it at once, the most sublime—of the mountains necessary in the hemisphere, with all the earth, below and around, covered with a sea of fleecy clouds, you have no idea. Your heaven is nowhere, like the waves of the ocean, you have no idea of it. In a valley, rural you'll You describe a mighty mountain-river, tending its passage through the overhanging rocky, over, its course through surrounding down and bearing on all sentences in its restless rush towards the valley; but you have no idea of the cataract! It is unlike to a King! Ah, Clifton of Clifton, the beauty, the grandeur, the sublimity of the mountains you, but the "peep, pride, and circumstance" of the world forgives you! Ah, Clifton of Clifton! The spirit of intense worldliness has ever been their bane and curse—their sin and its punishment!" he concluded, relapsing into his monk-tragic air.

"Ah! so you are familiar with the popular legend that you have just quoted, Fairlax," said Clifton, "and you have added, with a sarcastic smile, "were Georgia here, I think she would be quite able to explain it to you. Georgia, at least, has been guided by my native rather than that of intense worldliness."

"Georgia!"

"I beg her pardon! Mrs. Clifton, of Clifton."

"Oh! your aunt! but by my soul, Captain, that was a very ironical way of introducing the old lady! Do young men in your patrician part of the country call old gentlewomen by their Christian names?"

"Old gentlewomen?" repeated Clifton, slowly, with a musing smile, adding—"Georgia is about seventeen years of age, and the most beautiful girl in the world!"

"Who-o-o-se! I'm amazed! I'm confounded! I'm stunned! Then—the present Mrs. Clifton is the second wife?"

"No, sir—Georgia is my uncle's fourth wife."

"Overwhelmed!—annihilated!" exclaimed the young man. "I—I—the—the best horse-man in the division! Why! Four wives! Are they all living?—if not, where does he bury his dead?"

"Fairlax!" exclaimed Captain Clifton, in a tone, and with a look, that speedily recalled the young man to himself—then he added, rather haughtily—"My Uncle Clifton is a simple, gentle-hearted man, and I feel sure that he will be worn, but much you, sir—it is the affection of the wife that constitutes the—"

"Hang me if ever I see any difference between the Bishop of the King, and Solomon the sabligh; Abraham the patriarch, and Aaron the pache, in that respect," laughed the young man, interrupting his companion's remarks and not caught a single one, and only caught the last and haughty line of Clifton, he held out his hand, and smilingly exclaimed, "Forgive me, Clifton! or call me out! I—can't help a jest, to save my soul! but I'll fight or apologize, or any other sort of satisfaction else, afterwards!"

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"Nonsense!"

"Then let me shout Henry VIII.'s fourth Queen—how long has she been married—I always forget—Anne of Cleves!"

"About two years. My uncle wedded her about two years ago, and, as I said, the most beautiful creature that you, or I, or any one else, ever did, or ever will look upon!"

"Allons—stop there! False knight and remiss! whose colors do you wear while you are the rolling vapor. And Fairlax continued,

"I suspect now, by your abstracted air and wandering look that you have lost your way in the clouds—not the first time such a thing has happened to a lover, and certainly it is strange in a place like this, where the only land-marks are mountain tops sticking out of the fog with a few feather tops mixed with it."

"See!" exclaimed Clifton, roused from his apathy by the sudden apparition. "Look, Fairlax! I will show you from the midst of the straight before you to the Western horizon—a little North of West, I am sure—a cluster of seven peaks rising through the mist against the sky. That is White Cliffs."

"Looking close enough at this distance—calls like snow-capped mountains, in fact."

"Yes, and they are mountains, and their peaks rising from the giddy of dark evergreens about them and cliffs, and have quite a scenic effect in fact, sometimes."

"Hum! and—How now, sir! and six those snows blessed refrigerators?"

"I will answer your question in a few days. But the mountain road is very circuitous, and makes the distance nearly forty. Now, Fairlax, if you will look to the left, we shall be able to catch Clifton in time to surprise Mrs. Clifton at tea."

"Surprise Mrs. Clifton at that possibility?" ejaculated Fairlax, as they prepared to descend the mountain side.

As they rode down, Captain Clifton, warning slightly from his cool reserve, said,

"I think, Fairlax, I will not start and arrive as you claim to be, will rather like Clifton. Georgia, you know, is very much attached to me, and would be apt to make a scene, and quite disconcert me. Now, Fairlax, you will be kind enough to ride straight to the high-road before you, and wait for me there. I shall be down a short cut, and will join you."

Captain Clifton backed his horse, discreetly, and following the direction of Fairlax, ascended the brink of the aerial abyss, and then began a perpendicular precipice of more than a thousand feet, with the remaining distance lost in shadow and mist. It was a fearful flight to the ear alone a low and hollow murmur, as of the roaring of many waters at a vast

"This is the head of the Devil's Staircase! Have you ever seen it?" put Captain Clifton.

"Devil's Staircase! I should think it was! Ugh! On-o-o-ooh! I shall never see that! How does it lead to? Tell me that! To the infernal regions, I suppose, of course—you have spoken of it!" exclaimed Fairlax, with his teeth chattering.

"We have indeed made a very narrow escape," said Captain Clifton, gazing thoughtfully down the horrible pit.

"Escape!" exclaimed Fairlax, shuddering, and steadying his gaze upon the face of his companion, who was providentially led to look down, and saw the fog roll away from beneath my horse's feet, and reveal the precipice. Do-o-o-on't! I believe I shall either my tooth to powder!"

"Come, come, Fairlax! this is mighty well! Now who would have supposed you to be the hero of a thousand battles? Come, let us not stay to mount, and then away."

They turned their horses' heads out of the wood-land, and, following the course of the mountain-stream, soon reached the high-road, and before them, at the foot of the mountain, they could clearly discern the Devil's Ladder, in the distance, and the white cliffs beyond, on which he was always a miserable—but where was he buried?" "He was'nt buried at all, Fairlax! Oh! I know what my posthumous fame would be in such a case. Why, I should be made the subject of Clifton's General Francis Fairlax, who, fifty years hence, at a good old age, died in his own house, and his arm-chair praying by him, and is buried with the highest honors of war, and has a splendid monument raised to his fame, embracing his immortal services to his grateful country!" "Come on the charge for the hill, Fairlax! Nothing myself to prove this afternoon, Clifton, No!" said the young man, folding his arms, and sitting as stiffly as "Napoleon." "Mr. Fairlax! it is now drawing late in the afternoon. We shall have a storm before night, and a storm on the mountains, let me tell you, is a much more delightful thing to read about in the fireside circle, while stretched at your ease upon the settee in your study plazza, than to take in prosaic persons on the Alleghanies," said Clifton, coolly.

"Only warrant me from bringing up suddenly to the jumping-off place before I know it—and I'll—make no attempt! You! let him only insure my body ashamed by fire or water, and I will send Jove himself to wait upon him! first in grazing down a precipice rock through the thickest of darkness, and—

At a little more considerable, her last proposition was adopted, and they began the descent on foot.

After some twenty minutes' toil and struggle down the steep, rocky path, Fairlax and Clifton, reached the last step of the mountain, and found themselves in a valley.

It was very dark—so dark that it was to be seen but the first glow of a fire, and the outline of a rude hut, built of logs, and thatched with straw.

"Ah! there is the hut of the old hermit!" exclaimed Clifton, pointing to the light. "I should have known it by the smoke curling from the stone chimney, but for the light. Now, Fairlax, we will ride straight to the high-road before us, and wait for you there."

Captain Clifton reached his horse, dismounted, and following the path, soon reached the hut. He knocked at the door, and it was opened by a woman, a tall, gaunt, and elderly woman, with a countenance of stern cast. This woman, Clifton recognized as the hermit's wife, and from the North winds the family mansion, which is situated in the centre of the valley. Nestled in the country is wild and rugged, but partly covered with thick forest, and affording to the best hunting-grounds in the world. There you may course the hare; track the deer; or if you have any game to a flavor and relish, the wolf, the wild cat, or the bear."

"—Or the rattle-snake, copperhead, or moccasin," interrupted Fairlax, with an inclination for wounds against those nonsensicalness" in landed property.

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"Fairlax, you astonish me—certainly you are not really so much overcome—"

"Overcome! No sir—I am scattered to atoms, I tell you! Do-o-o-on't! It has given me the tooth-ache! Ugh! Oh-h-h-h! Vinny-dear! both together! Do-o-o-on't!"

"Now who would have supposed you to be the hero of a thousand battles? Come, let us not stay to mount, and then away."

They turned their horses' heads out of the wood-land, and, following the course of the mountain-stream, soon reached the high-road, and before them, at the foot of the mountain, they could clearly discern the Devil's Ladder, in the distance, and the white cliffs beyond, on which he was always a miserable—but where was he buried?" "He was'nt buried at all, Fairlax! Oh! I know what my posthumous fame would be in such a case. Why, I should be made the subject of Clifton's General Francis Fairlax, who, fifty years hence, at a good old age, died in his own house, and his arm-chair praying by him, and is buried with the highest honors of war, and has a splendid monument raised to his fame, embracing his immortal services to his grateful country!" "Come on the charge for the hill, Fairlax! Nothing myself to prove this afternoon, Clifton, No!" said the young man, folding his arms, and sitting as stiffly as "Napoleon." "Mr. Fairlax! it is now drawing late in the afternoon. We shall have a storm before night, and a storm on the mountains, let me tell you, is a much more delightful thing to read about in the fireside circle, while stretched at your ease upon the settee in your study plazza, than to take in that it is an accurate Blanche. We shall give an engraving of General Scott, in our next paper.

Our Portrait Gallery.

GEN. FRANKLIN PIERCE.

The above portrait of the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, is an exact copy of an engraving in "Gleason's Pictorial," which is said to have been taken from a Daguerreotype now in the possession of Patrick Jackson.

We therefore feel no reason to suppose that it is an accurate likeness. We shall give an engraving of General Scott, in our next paper.

Selected Articles.

EXTRAORDINARY BIBLE READING

Many of the anecdotes compressed within the following paragraph, if not all, are true; and every reader will acknowledge the value of the Bible-knowledge displayed in them. They are remarkable as some of their sayings, and the circumstances which called them forth, recorded in the Rabbinical Commentaries, in the Talmud, or in Sandys' Travels, Clarke's Collections, and other standard works:

"Ah, ha!" said the sagacious Frank, "that is what the poor girl was at work at so late last night."

On going down stairs they found the lower room neatly arranged, and breakfast ready for them—hot coffee, corn pone, hot rolls, rashers of fried bacon, eggs, potatoes, etc. And there, in the arm-chair, in a clean homespun suit, and the cold air, looking as calm, as self-possessed, as if he had received visitors as a matter of course, he arose and bowed to the gentlemen, and offered his chair to one of them.

He wonder it bowed the young girl's head with grief and shame—it palsied and bankbled even those strangers, to know that this most reverend white-haired patriarch was often transformed by drunkenness into the beast! It was a fearful sight, indeed, to behold, cringing her hands with anguish, while seeing his degradation.

It was a disease, and never till wine is freed of its curse, will an effectual remedy be applied.

Immediately after breakfast, the gentlemen took leave of the family, and mounted their horses to resume their journey. Frank, in the thoughtless kindness of his heart, would have offered the poor people some remuneration for their entertainment, but Clifton, who knew the habits and feelings of the mountaineers better, restrained him, knowing that it might have given offence. But on parting with Carl Kvanagh, Clifton and Frank expressed the thanks for the hospitality that had been extended to himself and his son—adding, that if he could, now, or at any time, in any manner, be of use to his kind host, he should be happy to serve him, etc., etc. To which Carl Kvanagh replied,

"I thank you, sir. I know Captain Clifton by report, and feel that I can trust to his generosity. If you could hear of a place as service for Carl, I would be much obliged, for since the death of my wife, I have been very lonely, and would like to get away from this place."

Carl took down and held upon the table a large, old-fashioned, leather-bound book, and began to read, in a singsong tone, and with a peculiar accent, a passage from the Talmud, which we shall give in English:

"Rabbi Jochanan ben Zaccai, when he was sick, the chief men of Israel came to visit him, and when they saw him they began to weep. Then said he unto them, 'Why weep ye? Should I not weep, if the sword of the Roman Emperor, which is placed between my two legs, and which I am not sure whether it will kill me or cure me, were to be taken away, and I should be told that I should live? Much more ought you to weep, if you were told that you should die, because the iniquities of Israel are like

Original Sketch.

TWO VISITS TO THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

[The following description of the great wonder of Kentucky, though not originally intended for publication, (being contained in a letter from a young lady to her father,) is yet so graphic, that we think it will prove of interest to our readers who have visited the Cave, as well as a guide to such as intend the exploration.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

FIRST VISIT.

The morning was cool, bright and beautiful, upon which we started for the Mammoth Cave. The sun was about an hour high, when, with mules hitched to the buggies, we took leave of our friends, and with merry hearts set off for the great, the renowned Mammoth Cave. After a ride of four or five hours, we arrived at the Dripping Spring, where we stopped to refresh ourselves and rest the mules. We then left the pike and took the direct road leading to the Cave. The distance thither was about eight miles, and the road the most hilly and rocky I ever travelled. The country through which we passed was very poor, and covered with the low brush, so common in that part of the State. We arrived at the Cave Hut about three o'clock, and after resting a short time, with a guide, proceeded to the Cave. The entrance is about forty feet wide, and on a descent of about fifty feet. It is very steep down, but rocks forming steps have been placed along, so that it is not at all difficult to enter. There is a beautiful spring at the entrance, formed by water dripping from the rocks, overhanging the mouth of the Cave, from which we refreshed ourselves before proceeding to the principal or Main Cave. This is about five miles in length, its height is generally about forty feet, and its width from sixty to one hundred. The guide informed us that there were thirteen avenues leading from the Main Cave, and the whole number of avenues branching off in different directions that have been explored, amounts to two hundred and thirty. Near the entrance are a great many pits or vats that have been dug out, said to have been employed by the people as early as 1802, for the purpose of making saltpetre. They seem to have carried on the work very extensively, for they are continued to a great distance in the Cave. The ground here has all been worked over, and made into a good road. The tracks of the cart-wheels used in hauling the dirt, and the prints of the hoofs of the oxen, are plainly to be seen. They will probably never be erased, for the ground is now as hard and almost as incapable of impression as the solid rock. The wooden pipes used in conveying the water into the vats, are in a perfect state of preservation, without the slightest mark of decay observable about them. After the war of 1812, the price of saltpetre falling considerable, the miners gave up making it, —and since that time the vats have been out of use. On one side of the Cave, in a niche in the rocks, is a pile of corn-cobs. This is said to be the place where the miners fed their oxen. Many of them have been carried away by visitors, but there are still large pieces left to mark the place. The air upon entering the Cave is most delightfully cool, and is so pure and bracing, that a person may walk a considerable distance without feeling the least fatigue. The first large chamber which we entered near the entrance, is called the Rotunda, and is said to be situated immediately under the hotel. The greater part of the Cave on this side of the river has been surveyed, so that the direction of many parts have been accurately ascertained. After leaving this room, the rocks on the side of the Cave are called the Kentucky Cliffs, from the perfect resemblance they are said to bear to the cliffs on the Kentucky River. The next large room that we entered is called the Church—where the rocks form a large platform in the shape of a pulpit, and other small ones have been arranged around as seats for an audience. Here, fourteen years ago, service was held regularly once a month, but the practice has of later years been discontinued. After leaving the second saltpetre vats, we come to what is called the "Standing Rocks;" these are immense rocks which seem by some great revolution of the earth to have fallen from the top of the Cave. They are really terrific to behold—and though they have fallen probably thousands of years, they appear to have been lately dislodged from the large strata above them. From these we passed through what is called the "Grand Arch;" here the rocks come together in the shape of a roof gradually arching. From the height of the Cave here and its great width, this has truly been called the Grand Arch. At the extremity of this arch is the great Giant's Coffin. This is a very huge rock in the exact shape of a coffin, larger at one end than the other, and having a seam in the rock so formed as to represent the lid. This may be called the Mausoleum of the Genie, of the Cave, and a glorious resting-place it is for so great a personage.

The legendary lore of the Cave has been lost—but perchance ages ago, after roaming through these grand old arches, and feasting in his banqueting-hall, the old wizard of the Cave, tired of his revellings, hewed out for himself, when his reign should be ended, this great "Giant's Coffin." However, for aught the wise people of this age know, the tomb is nothing more than one of nature's grand formations. From this place we leave the main Cave and enter one of the side avenues, leading to the "Deserted Chamber;" passing through which we come to the "Wooden-Bowl Cave;" this is a small room, and takes its name from a wooden-bowl being found upon the rocks, when the Cave was first discovered by the white people, supposed to have been left by the Indians. Probably years ago, the Indian wandered through the avenues of the Mammoth Cave; in his native wildness, he, too, stood and gazed with wonder at its grand formations, and thoughts flowed through his brain, of the great and good Spirit by whose hands they were made. From this chamber we descended what are called the "Steps of Time;" these are rocks one below the other, steep and difficult to descend. The way here is sufficiently wide, but so low that the guide is constantly calling "look out for heads," as some sharp point or low projecting rock presents itself to view. At length arriving on level ground, the wearied traveller is refreshed with a draught of pure, cool water, from "Richardson's Spring." Here we seated ourselves a short time, and after watching the little streams that meet to form this beautiful spring, proceeded through the "Arched Way;" the ceiling of which is perfectly white, (except where it has been defaced by names written in the smoke of candles,) and most beautifully arched. It is about six feet wide, but just high enough for persons to walk under comfortably; this is some distance in length—and immediately beyond, is the "Side-Saddle Pit," so called from its resemblance to a side-saddle—this is a pit of about sixty feet, with sides that have the appearance of a honey-comb, very beautiful, and formed by drippings of water on the sand-stone. To the left of this is "Minerva's Dome;" and a little farther on, the memorable "Bottomless Pit." A bridge has been formed over this pit, which, for a long time, was supposed to have no bottom. One of the guides, however, following an avenue in a different part of the Cave, found that it led to the *bottom* of the "Bottomless Pit;" at a distance of one hundred and sixty feet from the floor of the Cave. A stone was thrown down it, which kept knocking against its sides with a most doleful sound, till at length the dim echo was lost in the awful depth below. From the Pit we came to "Shelby's Dome;" and from that to "Reveler's Hall." This is a very large room, nearly circular, with piles of rocks almost everywhere around it. From the Reveler's Hall, we take a branch of the Cave leading through the "Valley of Humility;" this is a long passage of about ten feet in width, but so low that a person is obliged to stoop continually in passing through it. It has properly been called a valley of humility; and, wearied indeed, the traveller is more than happy upon reaching the rock of "Little Relief." Here we rested a short time, before entering the more tiresome "Winding Way" or "Fat Man's Misery." This is a way that seems to have been cut out of the solid rock, just wide enough for a person to pass through sideways. The path is a continued crescent, winding first to the right and then to the left, and probably there is no more agreeable sight in the Cave to the fat man, or indeed any one, than the rock of "Great Relief," at the end of it. From this we entered the large hall leading to the river, called the "River Hall"—and passing through one of its avenues, we came to what is called the "Bacon Chamber." This has very much the appearance of a smoke-house. The rocks here have almost the perfect shape of different pieces of meat, hams, shoulders, &c., thickly hung together. We stopped here for some time, and each of us carved our names on one of the rocks with a knife. Every part of the Cave is carved with the names of persons from almost every part of the United States, and though ours are in a not very conspicuous place, they may probably meet the eye of some friend in future time.

From the Bacon Chamber we returned back to River Hall, and taking another avenue, descended a ladder, by the side of the "Dead Sea." This is an awful place, and the descent to it one of the most dangerous in the Cave. The ground is very damp and slippery, and but for the caution of the guide, one might easily lose his foothold, and be forever engulphed in the awful abyss of "The Dead Sea." From this the ground is very damp, until we reach the bank of Styx. The river being too high to cross, we went no further this evening, but retracing our steps through the Winding Way and Valley of Humility, we entered a side avenue, leading to "Gheram Dome." In reaching this we have to descend a ladder, and pass through a passage of considerable length, called the Winding Labyrinth. On one side of the rocks in this labyrinth, is the exact figure of an eagle, called the "American Eagle," with outspread wings, as if ready to fly. "Gheram Dome," or, the Great Dome, is seen from a hole in the side of the wall of this labyrinth. It is about 100 feet in height, from the place it is viewed from, and about 60 feet in depth; a bright light, let fall by the guide, illuminated its gorgeous sides, and presented a most sublime appearance. From the dome we left the side avenue, and again entered Main Cave. We proceeded as far back as the Giant's Coffin, and then took another passage, past the "Great Bend." Along this part of the Cave small houses have been erected, for the accommodation of invalids. Some years ago it was supposed that the pure air of the Cave might lengthen, and probably restore, the health of consumptive persons. It was tried by several; but receiving no benefit, after a residence of four or five months, they left the Cave, and shortly afterwards died. These rooms, since that time, have been nearly destroyed, as there has been no use for them. The first chamber we entered in the avenue, is the celebrated "Star Chamber." Here our guide placed the lights behind a recess, and telling us to look up, we beheld what appeared to be the firmament bespangled with stars. The roof of the chamber is covered with a black incrustation, and the appearance of stars is caused by the reflection of the light on the crystals covering the surface. From the Star Chamber we proceeded through a Gothic avenue to a place called the "Post Oaks." These are stalactites, formed by the drippings of water, and bearing a great resemblance to oak trees; as we were passing through a passage leading from the Post Oaks, we heard a rumbling sound under our feet; on stamping upon the ground, it was heard louder than before. There is supposed to be another large branch of the Cave under this, which has never yet been discovered, and walking over it produces the sound. The "New Register Room," is a large chamber of about 60 feet in width and 6 feet in height. The ceiling of this and the "Old Register Room," were originally a beautiful white, but they are now much defaced by names written in every part. From the Register Rooms, we entered "Gothic Chapel;" this is a beautiful room, which, when the lights are placed in different parts of it, appears like a chapel. The interesting rite of marriage was performed here a short time ago, being the first wedding that has ever taken place in the Cave. The guide informed us that it was awfully solemn, and no doubt the bridal chant, sounding through grand old Gothic arches, and echoed back again, produced a feeling of solemnity well becoming such an occasion. The next thing of interest is the "Devil's Arm-Chair,"—this is a rock which bears no resemblance to a chair, but is in reality a comfortable seat. We each (as his majesty was absent,) availed ourselves of the invitation to rest, but it was only for a few moments, each taking by turns the seat royal. The "Lover's Leap" ended our walk in this direction. This is a rocky point, hanging over a depth of 70 or 80 feet, where disappointed lovers are said to bid adieu to the vexations of life by taking a leap into the thick darkness below. From this we retraced our steps to the entrance of the Cave, and not a little tired, at sunset found ourselves once more upon the surface of terra firma. The air, upon coming out of the Cave, appears very warm, and is so oppressive as to render the task of ascending the hill to the hotel difficult in the extreme. This ended our first visit to the Cave. After a refreshing night's rest, the guide informed us that the river had fallen in the night, so that we might cross with safety, and at seven o'clock we once more entered, prepared to see all the curiosities.

SECOND VISIT.

Taking our dinners along, we proceeded to the river of Styx, a distance of two miles and a half, which we crossed, over the natural bridge. After walking a little farther, we came to another branch of the river, and getting into a boat, we rowed down the river about one hundred and twenty yards. We landed again, crossed Lake Lethe, and at last entered *Echo River*.

At the entrance of this river, we [illegible] an arch so low that there is great difficulty in passing beneath it. It is, however, only ten feet in length, and the rest of the passage down the river is open and clear. I shall ever remember with pleasure this boat ride of three-quarters of a mile down Echo River, and the feelings of disappointment which we experienced when we struck the dark shores of the other side. Oh, here could I say with the poet, "Sweet Echo;" for never before had I heard such beautiful strains, such wild, low melody answering each whisper. Our guide had a splendid voice, and sang for us any thing we called for. Each note was answered by a thousand echoes, and their deep, swelling tones sounded like some grand old organ pealing forth its melodious voice. I sang for you, dear father, and the loved ones at home, Good-Bye, and other favorites, and as Echo accompanied even my frail voice, I could almost fancy its wild reverberations were your spirits answering to my own. I was excited perhaps more than I had ever been in [illegible] before, and unlike many others, I thought not of danger. This was the most delightful place in the Cave. I could have staid for hours and amused myself, but the guide reminded us that there was no time to be lost, and we commenced our walk again. After crossing the river, it is very difficult to proceed, on account of the mud, caused by the frequent rising of the river, and after this is passed, we reach huge rocks, covering the whole floor of the Cave. We were obliged to leap from one to the other, till, wearied with the monotony of this part, we thought the rocky passes never would end. There are but few places of note on the other side of the Cave, and those are some distance apart. "Silliman's Avenue" and the "Pass of El Ghor," are the names of the rocky avenues through which we pass before reaching "Martha's Vineyard." This is a most beautiful chamber, from which the rocks hang in the shape of bunches of grapes. The large vines running through them are perfect, and the whole chamber has the appearance of a thickly covered grape arbor. Near this is a most excellent spring of sulphur, and the water from it is as clear as a crystal.—Immediately beyond this are rocks, forming a table, where we dined, and after resting awhile, continued our walk. The next chamber that we entered, was the most beautiful that we saw in the Cave. "The Snow-Ball Room" is a large chamber, covered with a white incrustation, having the exact appearance of snow-balls thrown against the roof. The guide illuminated this room, and the light shining over every part of it, increased the resemblance. "Cleveland's Cabinet" comes next, and in this we found a great many specimens of crystallized Spar, which the guide allowed us to take out with us. In the ceiling of this cabinet, we found a cross, almost perfect in shape, which appeared as if it had been cut out of the rock—but it is a natural formation—every part of the walls here are covered with the most beautiful incrustations I ever beheld;—holding the light near them, they sparkle as if studded with diamonds. The beauty of the walls is the only curiosity on the other side of the river; all along their sides are formed flowers and crystals of every shape. I would give a more definite description, but feel I should so far fall short of any accurate one, that I will not attempt it. We went within a mile of the end of the Cave in that direction, and the guide informing us that we had seen every thing *worth seeing*, we concluded, as we were very tired, to return, without going any farther. The distance to the end is nine miles, and the idea of walking eight miles back, with the rocks and mud in view, was sufficient for us. From this point we retraced our steps, crossed the river, and gained the entrance by 5 o'clock in the evening. The most beautiful sight that we saw in the Cave, was the appearance of daylight, when we were within a few hundred yards of the mouth; as we turned an angle, the guide told us to look forward, and we beheld the sun pouring his rays upon the green earth, and sparkling in the dripping water at the entrance. For a few moments, the transition from darkness to light was so great, that we were bewildered at the sight; it appeared like some fairy land, some bower of retreat for the weary traveller; but a few more steps brought us to the inviting spot, and we found *ourselves upon the surface of the wide earth* once more.

Dear father, I am afraid I have wearied you. My description is so poor, and falls so far short of the reality, that you cannot have the most remote idea of the beauty and grandeur we there beheld. I had been told that it was a gloomy place, that we would feel as if all the powers of darkness had conspired to make so awful a cavern; but to me it appeared as Nature's masterpiece. The finger of the Great God was everywhere beheld, and His mighty power displayed, from the huge rock, to the smallest crystal or flower upon its mighty walls. You are tired of reading, and though I might write more, I will not further weary your patience. My visit to the Cave will ever be remembered as a pleasant era in the history of my life, and my earnest hope is, that all who visit it, may return with the same exalted feelings of admiration for the power and might of that Great Being, who created all things, and is over all things.

With much love to all, I remain, your

Affectionate daughter, JANE.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1852.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 *in advance*, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,	- - -	$5 00	Per Annum.
8 "	(and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10 00	"
13 "	(and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15 00	"
20 "	(and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20 00	"

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rates provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. It must be remembered that the *postage is just the same on a first-class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

TO OUR READERS.

After six years of constant, almost unremitted labor, the editor of the Post begins to feel the necessity for a little mental relaxation.—Our readers will remember Æsop's fable of the bow that was always bent, and the same idea more familiarly expressed in the old adage, that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." The truth of this we have begun to experience; and therefore feel that it is as well perhaps for our readers as ourselves, that we bid adieu for a few weeks to the editorial chair. Our place will be filled in our absence by a literary gentleman of ability and reputation.

Mrs. Southworth's promised novelet is begun in the present paper. The opening chapter reads very finely. The indications are that "The Curse of Clifton" will be one of the best of Mrs. Southworth's works, both as to interest and moral. With Mrs. Southworth in the field, and the editorial talent we have engaged in our place, we leave our duties for a little relaxation, with a clear conscience.

NOTICE.

Owing to mis[illegible] many of our subscribers in *Mississippi* did not get the Post during the month of May.

The Postmasters at the places where we send duplicates, will confer a favor by returning them, in case the missing packages have been received; as we have very few papers of the missing dates left on hand.

THE EDITORIAL POSITION

There is no man acting in a public vocation who marks himself so powerfully upon the body of the times, writes himself as it were so indelibly upon the local tablet of his operations, as the true, fearless, responsible newspaper editor. His words are a perpetually-acting motive to the mass around him; he is the centre of a circle of moral waves, that are continually widening, expanding, gaining force and impetus. Not to-day alone is his influence felt, to be spent, and exert itself no longer, but for-ever, while he wields his pen, the stream of his teachings must flow onward, swelling the ocean of the world's knowledge of good and evil.

Therefore, consistency in an editor's course is of more importance and necessity, perhaps, than in that of any other public teacher. The individuals of a community who become the readers of a particular public journal, are disposed in general to adopt the opinions of its conductor, and tacitly elect him as a guide and umpire in the disposal of future questions. Thus unconsciously they become echoes of his arguments, and almost without knowing it, follow his decision, as the fancied reflex of their own thoughts, while in reality their own thought has no existence. It is inconvenient for most people to think for themselves, that is, to follow out the mental ramifications of an idea or principle which they have adopted, or conceive correct; and to the assistance of such individuals comes the editor. He reasons, demonstrates, and, of course, convinces those who set out from the same starting-point as himself. By this means, he ascends the throne of their opinions, and becomes the defender of their faith; often, likewise, the director of their conscience. They become accustomed to their thought-proxy, and are led, in a multiplicity of cases, by the slightest average of deviation, directly opposite to the course which they would have pursued if left to themselves.

Thus has arisen the influence which it is the custom to ascribe to that mysterious ubiquity, "the omnipotence of the press." And little do the good people and the worthy editorial fraternity consider what a very cosy and self-satisfying falsehood is contained in that collocation of words. How consoling to the smirking editorial scribbler, the billious critic, the mendacious reporter, is the reflection that he is one of the mighty pillars which uphold the palladium of our liberties; that without him the body politic were integrally deficient; that through and by him every moral and political result is superinduced, from the sale of patent medicines to the election of President.

This belief is without doubt a very comfortable one, but like many satisfactory-looking structures, is erected upon extremely slight foundations. As a class, the editors of our "free and enlightened republic," instead of wielding a great, intellectual, executive power, are often the merest automata, wire-pulled by every shrewd juggler who chooses to exercise his sleight-of-hand. So transparent is this fact, that we constantly hear, in the rehearsal of this or that successful quack's experience, that he excelled in the faculty of "managing the press;" in other words, he could hocus-pocus the good public through the medium of those very serviceable panders—the respectable editors.

If this state of affairs arose exclusively from the ignorance or venality of *individuals*, it could not easily be remedied, how much soever it might be deplored; but that it is more the consequence of a corrupt *system*, and therefore susceptible of curative influences, is evident from the very characteristic which makes it most dangerous—the universality of its manifestation. It is not because editors are mercenary or imbecile, as *men*, that they permit themselves to be *used*, and their journals made vehicles of audacious fraud or stupid humbug; but it is because debasing precedents give sanction and authority to a vile *custom*, which perverts the press and its conductors to become (in consideration of an established *quid pro quo*) the mere instruments by which interested parties work their will upon the community. Editors, in effect, in our country, have made themselves too common—too accessible from without. They have become mere *caterers* for those whose tastes and appetites they should direct and control, holding themselves responsible for their positions to every fool or knave whom the payment of a year's subscription, or the price of an advertisement, had dubbed with the arrogant title of "patron." Far from asserting the dignity of their vocation, as constituting them leaders of public opinion, they have surrendered their right of free thought and pandered to the prejudices of the multitude; descended from the rostra to mingle with the demagogues of the forum; sunk the teacher in the boon-fellow, and sacrificed respect to popularity. As a consequence, the chair editorial is no longer a sacred tripod; every jackanapes who can command press and type, considers himself eligible to its occupancy, and fully competent to exercise its power. Fanaticism makes it the fulcrum by aid of which she would move the world; bigotry launches through it her anathemas against opponents; avarice debases it with the brokerage of morals and religion; and last and worst, ignorance sports with its awful responsibilities, like the fool Phaeton with the chariot of the sun.

How requisite is it, then, that those who feel the responsibilities of the editorial vocation, should seek, by all means, to be consistent and conscientious in conducting their labors. Of small account is that editor who can pen a brilliant leader, or turn a witty paragraph, and yet remain careless of the constant *moral* tone of his journal! Of little use is he who can ridicule, or gall, or silence his contemporary, at the expense of courtesy, truth and Christian feeling. If, as it is said, we are answerable for every idle word, to the Power which created us, what a fearful responsibility hangs upon him whose words go out daily and weekly over the land, to affect, for good or evil, the moral atmosphere of whole communities!

It is to the present time that our remarks are especially applicable; and to the political press more than others. Seldom before have we seen such bitter and reckless partisanship as is now displayed in many journals of political complexion. The most improbable charges, the unworthiest suspicions, and the blackest falsehoods, are bandied from press to press against two distinguished men, whose misfortune it is to be candidates for the highest station in our Government. No consideration of justice or candor seems to enter into the discussion of the merits of either gentleman, no idea of the great object of political action is sought to be elucidated, but an incessant exchange of abusive epithets between editorial opponents, and an indiscriminate onslaught upon all opposition, good or bad, are the weapons with which the quadrennial battle of American politics is fought before the gaze of the world.

When will the conductors of our public journals, partizan though they may be, remember the respect due to themselves as well as their readers? They would blush to use in their own family circles the language they habitually write, or to make against a neighbor the groundless charges which they allege against a political opponent. And surely the supporters of a journal are a great family, of which the editor is, for the time-being, a responsible head, answerable, as such, for the example which he upholds to their imitation.

DEPARTURE OF KOSSUTH.

The great Hungarian orator has left the shores of America, it is probable never to return. What his course may be, what hope he sees in the future, or what designs he may contemplate, are, of course, as yet, unknown to the public. By the latest accounts from his native land, where, upon the occasion of the Emperor's visit, both nobility and peasantry waited in doing honor to the Austrian despot, it would appear that not much revolutionary enthusiasm is left among his people. This is another proof of the little dependence that can be placed upon popular stability. It was said, at the period of Kossuth's captivity in Kutayah, that among the Magyar race his name was cherished, and his picture reverenced, like that of a saint, and that millions of dollars of his bonds were preserved as sacred relics by the holders. On his release, we saw how enthusiastic was the apparent joy; how, in France, Italy, England, and our own land, the name of LOUIS KOSSUTH was a spell-word to animate the poet, the preacher, and the politician. But it all—died away! People lost their interest in the hero, after seeing and hearing him; and many who had been his loudest flatterers, watched for the opportunity to slip quietly "out of the scrape." So much for Kossuth, and Hungary, and American sympathy for republicanism abroad!

But what has the Magyar himself achieved, with his eloquent appeals and untiring energy? Has he only obtained a hundred thousand dollars, and a few muskets, and saddles? Ah, we shall see! He has done much more than this, for he has set men to thinking. We were, as a nation, very coolly sitting down to self-complacency, like Pharisees, and saying to all others, "stand aside! we are holier than you!" Kossuth, whatever may be his merits or his ends, has awakened us from that comfortable but sinful apathy into which we were falling. His trumpet-voice, sounding from the North to the South, like the blast of a herald, has aroused some sluggish blood throughout the land. Whatever this doctrine of Intervention may be worth, whatever be our actual duties as a nation and as republicans, they will now be examined and canvassed. We shall think—think of what Kossuth has said, long after his departure; and when the chaff of excitement and partizanship, and all unworthy prejudices, shall have blown away, then whatsoever good wheat may be in his words, we, as an intelligent people, will profit by!

Farewell to Louis Kossuth! He is a portion of the world's history, and will be judged by it. If he be worthy of the great Leadership in the battle of Liberty, which, in Heaven's good time, will determine Right and Wrong in Europe, then, doubtless, such will be his position hereafter. If the work be not reserved for him, he has nevertheless achieved his part in the preparation! He has been a Forerunner of the Redemption which is to come to his country, and, may we hope, to the whole of Europe. In any event, the people of America present a different aspect with regard to the Old World *now*, than before the visit of Kossuth. If Hungary should again rise, and assert her independence, there would be less delay in its recognition than there was in 1848. Kossuth has made his doctrine a question of the age, which must be solved before it is dismissed.

RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE

It will be seen by our news from England, that the first fruits of the Queen's Anti-Papal Proclamation have shown themselves in a riot at Stockport. This unhappy event is an evidence of the evil tendencies of a system which gives to the Church the support of the secular power, to enforce matters of doctrine. The simple and proper way to treat out-door ceremonies, processions, etc., enjoined by the Pope, would be to let them alone. In this country, Odd Fellows, Masons, and a thousand tom fool turn-outs, block up our public streets with impunity, and if we do not like, we can laugh at them; and so, if a parcel of religious enthusiasts should array themselves in fantastical garments for public exhibitions. So long as they do not frighten the horses, they are not dangerous, and if they please the little ones who are out with their nurses, a positive good is done. But that the intolerant idea should enter intelligent minds of such pomps and shows being machinery for conversion, and therefore to be outlawed, is a proof how little advanced is the present age from the period of witch-hanging, Gunpowder Plots, and Smithfield Martyrdoms.

We fear this religious trouble will not end in mere local riots. A very large number of British subjects are Roman Catholics, and cling to that Church with the tenacity which has always characterized her devotees. In Ireland, especially, where the late attempt at revolution was doubtless rendered abortive by the Roman Priesthood, the revival of religious feuds may be productive of fearful scenes. The bitter animosities existing between Orangemen and Catholics may be inflamed into another internecine warfare, to inflict new miseries upon the devoted country. The *Dublin Nation* already sounds the alarm, in an article headed, "Hell Broke Loose."

The demon of intolerance is up in England. Bloodshed, sacrilege and arson inaugurate the opening of the Reign of Terror.

The atrocities committed at Stockport have never been surpassed in the wildest outbreak of the old penal times. It only wants the faggot and the gibbet to complete the revival of the bloody era of Persecution.

Things the most sacred have been profaned. A Christian Temple has been wrecked and demolished; and, horror of all horrors! the Holy Sacrament of Redemption, the body and blood of the Saviour, violated and trampled in the mud!!

Has Hell opened and belched forth armies of fiends to desecrate and murder?

This is not the casual explosion of mob license. It is the work of Protestant rulers.—They furnished the incentives. They drew the sword, and threatened the altars of Catholicity. If returning reason do not prompt them to check their myrmidons, who can say that we shall not see the fires of Smithfield blazing for Catholic Prelates, and the Tyburn hurdle groaning with Popish victims before the year wanes?

Let Ireland be prepared. Let her link her strength around the sanctuary. This is no time for cabals and internecine feuds. In the name of religion and country, let the Catholics of Ireland confederate and prepare. All other interests sink into insignificance before the shadow of the coming persecution.

Here, at least, they shall outrage no tabernacle, without a terrible resistance. They shall not strike at God, except over the corpse of a Nation.

INCREASE OF SALARIES.

A discussion is now going on relative to an increase of the salaries of Foreign Ministers; the present pay, $9,000 per annum, (with $9,000 fit out) not being sufficient, in the opinion of the modest incumbents, to "keep up appearances." This is another rare jest upon our "democratic republic." Not content with having ministers abroad who so far forget the spirit of their country's institutions as to be ever foremost in adulation of European distinctions, aping the airs of nobility, and making every true American ashamed by their cringing deference to royal and aristocratic prejudices; not content with appointing diplomatic agents who, so far from upholding our country's interests, take every opportunity to connive with our enemies in fleecing American merchants and mariners; not content with deserving the jeers of monarchists and the distrust of republicans, by our indifference as a nation to the sort of representatives we send abroad;—we are now told by the "powers that be" that our $9,000 per annum) ministers, (save the mark) "must live so miserly as to excite criticism"—so says the report on the subject, of our Secretary of State.

"Excite criticism!" Who, pray, Mr. Minister, shall criticise an American minister who performs his diplomatic duty? Shall it be an effeminate nobility, luxuriating on wealth wrung from the crushed sinews of toiling millions? or crafty money-lenders, supporting the thrones of Europe? or the spies, making up the diplomatic corps of [illegible]? Shall an American minister—a successor of Franklin and Adams—fear to be "criticised" by the gilded and decorated class who are now the last rotten props of a falling political fabric? If such thin-skinned diplomatists exist, they had better stay at home, than disgrace their country abroad.

But the whole thing is in a nutshell. Are our foreign appointments to be used, as is the government of Cuba by Spain, merely to build up private fortunes,—reward political services, and enable individuals to amass wealth at the expense of the public treasury; or are they to be truly the representatives of a Republican, Democratic, [illegible], virtuous, and enlightened nation? Let this be decided, and then, if six thousand dollars a year will not support them, we think that resident missions abroad may be abolished altogether without much damage to the Constitution or to the memory of George Washington.

New Publications.

BUCKINGHAM'S REMINISCENCES. Anecdotes, Personal Memoirs, and Biographies of Literary Men, Connected with Newspaper Literature, from 1600 to 1800. By Joseph T. Buckingham. With Fine Steel Portraits of Isaiah Thomas and Benjamin Russell. Boston: Redding & Co. Philada.: T. B. Peterson.

A work like this, prepared with great care, by one of the oldest and most experienced editors in the country, a man, perhaps, more than any other, entitled with the history of the press for the last half-century, is a real addition to our libraries. Mr. Buckingham has accomplished his labors *con amore*, and given us reminiscences, anecdotes, and quaint facts in a most wonderful [illegible]. The two volumes before us, are a succinct history of the press, in various parts of the United States, with chronicles of the most noted newspapers, from the Boston *News-Letter* upward. Mr. Buckingham has inscribed his work to "all printers and conductors of the Newspaper Press, who entertain a true regard for the dignity of their profession," and we trust many others will read it with profit to themselves.

"SUNSET CHIMES." This is the euphonious title of a series of masterly musical works, for the piano forte, voice, and organ, now issuing in numbers, composed by the celebrated A. P. HEINRICH, of New York, in whom, doubtless, there is no more scientific composer living—certainly no truer musical genius. "Father Heinrich," as he is familiarly called, has devoted a life longer than is usually allotted to man, to the pursuit of the Divine Art, and when he departs from among us, the last link will have been severed between the glorious spirits of the past—the Mendelssohns, Mozarts, and Spohrs—and the present superficial generation, which cannot comprehend the depth and power of true musical inspiration. "The Sunset Chimes" is, perhaps, the last great work which may be expected from Heinrich, and the public should lose no time in procuring [illegible] passing away. [illegible] Sons, of New York, and A. L. Walker, Philadelphia, [illegible] subscription papers to the Chimes.

A HISTORY OF THE TRIAL OF CASTNER HANWAY AND OTHERS, FOR TREASON, AT PHILADELPHIA, IN NOVEMBER, 1851. With an Introduction Upon the History of the Slave Question. By a Member of the Philadelphia Bar. Philadelphia: Uriah Hunt & Sons.

This is a whole view of the late Treason Trials, as officially reported, and will be valuable as a reference to the present era of things, when future years shall more definitely determine what constitutes treason against our country. The present pamphlet is executed very neatly, and a very argumentative essay prefaces the main matter, handling the subject with vigor and discrimination.

THE CLASSICAL MANUAL. An Epitome of Ancient Geography, Greek and Roman Mythology, Antiquities and Chronology. Chiefly Intended for the Use of Schools. Compiled by JAMES S. S. BAIRD, of Trinity College, Dublin. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.

A useful book, for study or reference, and one much needed. Classical Dictionaries have generally been objectionable, on two points: voluminousness, and often gross minuteness. This little work compacts a great deal of useful information regarding classical terms and personages.

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS. (Abbotsford Edition.)—Embracing the Author's Last Corrections, Prefaces, and Notes. Vol. III., containing ROB ROY and the HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN. Phila.: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.

Another of the beautifully printed edition of the works of the great Northern Magician is laid on our table. Every library should be supplied with what is at once the cheapest and best style in which the Waverly Novels have yet appeared.

THE MOTHER AT HOME; OR, THE PRINCIPLES OF MATERNAL DUTY FAMILIARLY ILLUSTRATED. By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

Another edition, improved and enlarged, of a work which is very popular, and worthily so, as a family textbook, and to be read with interest by young and old. It is a companion to the "Child at Home," by the same author.

CHAMBERS'S PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE. Vol. VI. Phila.: Published by J. W. Moore.

This last volume of the "Papers" is filled with a valuable miscellany. The article on "The Pre-Columbian Discovery of America," and that on "Public Libraries," are especially worthy of perusal, while the romantic taste will be satisfied with several interesting tales.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, August, 1852.

A fine steel plate of a beautiful female head, is the initiative to a great amount of excellent matter, by well known authors. Articles from G. Herbert, Bayle, Hosmer, Sutliffe, Frederika Bremer, and Mrs. S. Hall, and a variety of good wood engraving make up the contents of this fine number.

THE PRAIRIE SCOUT; or, Agatone the Renegade. A Romance of Border Life. New York: Dewitt & Davenport.

The greater portion of this work, say the publishers, appeared originally in Blackwood, and it is spoken of by the London Lit. Gazette as a work promising much entertainment.

BLEAK HOUSE, No. 6.—Dickens is getting fairly into his story, and the charm grows. Lindsay & Blakiston have the last number; and they have likewise received, from the Harper's, LONDON LABOR AND THE LONDON POOR. (No. 20.) Mayhew's great Expose of the condition of the London "Lower Classes."

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, for August, a double number, has come to hand. It contains three steel plates and one wood engraving, with a great variety of original prose and verse. The tales in this number are especially interesting.

LEE & WALKER have just published a new ballad, in answer to "Ben Bolt," entitled "Ah, Yes, I Remember." Poetry by Sydney Dyer. Music by Jas. I. Beck.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF INSANITY, July 1852. Many sound articles mark this number.

☞ Count D'Orsay is dying. He has been ordered by his physicians to Dieppe, for the benefit of sea-bathing; but little hopes are entertained of his recovery.

☞ The Portland Argus says:—"There was not a single committal to the watch-house during the night of the Independence celebration—an event unheard of since we were a city, and long before!" A fact like this is worth a volume of assertions.

☞ The Memphis (Tenn.) Express retracts the charge that the German agitator, Kinkle, has employed the money raised in this country for the cause of German liberty, in setting up a brewery. The charge was made in its columns by a writer who has since left, and whom the editor now repudiates.

CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL COMMENCEMENT.

Among the incidents of the week, it is our duty to notice, with especial pleasure, the Commencement of our Central High School, at the Musical Fund Hall, on Thursday of last week. In that spacious saloon, crowded to its largest capacity, the closing exercises of the twenty-eighth term of the Institution were held; and its academic honors were conferred upon a large number of meritorious students. Upon no previous occasion was public interest more intense; and perhaps never was the literary reputation of this popular institution more happily sustained. The tone and character of the speeches delivered, the style and manner of the young orators who graced the platform, seemed to stamp the whole performance with an impress at once masterly and dignified. If any left the place, disposed to give vent to sarcasm rather than eulogy, we do certainly think that theirs was a spirit of injudicious criticism, by no means to be envied. To us it seems almost impossible to have overlooked the large amount of individual and of public benefit concentrated in this one event.

The close of the twenty-eighth term of the High School, is the close of a period in its history characterized by unexampled prosperity and general success. A wise administration of discipline has preserved peace and harmony in the institution, such as has not been interrupted by any one gross violation of law or prescription. Although about five hundred students were regularly in attendance, the routine of duty and of study appears to have run on with the regularity of clock-work. The public examination has shown that large advances have been made in all the various departments of knowledge. And although some may have failed, or been disappointed in their youthful anticipations of greater success, yet the mass of the students can fairly be exhibited as well worthy of high encomium for excellent scholarship and manly deportment.

We are pleased to hear that the Comptrollers of our Public Schools have seen proper recently to make two additions to the corps of Professors. Their number is now fourteen—a number much larger than can be found engaged in conducting any institution in our country.—The same may be said of the students, who, in connection with the new class of one hundred and nine just admitted, now amount to five hundred and nineteen.

This, indeed, is a vast amount of mind to be operated upon for the most benevolent purposes. No doubt the result will be most happy and successful. When Professors and students shall have come back, at the close of their vacation, renovated in body and mind, they will feel a stimulus to duty stronger than they ever felt before. They will have a better appreciation of their high position, as observed by tens of thousands of interested observers.—Then they and their institution will win new laurels, and secure nobler honors while they prepare an ample harvest of good things for the City and County of Philadelphia.

Clippings.

☞ Every period of life has its prejudice—who ever saw old age that did not applaud the past and condemn the present?

☞ A dry goods clerk undertook to commit suicide last week, by shooting his Daguerreotype. He fired four shots, when his employer rushed in, and saved him from his rashness.—This is the third attempt he has made on his life within the last two months. Cause—broken sleep, brought on by intense devotion to a young lady with auburn ringlets.

☞ The Boston firemen are paid. There are 513 men in the Department, and the semi-annual pay-roll amounts to $12,568 95.

☞ Theodore Hook was walking, in the days of Warren's blacking, where one of the emissaries of that shining character had written on a wall—"Try Warren's B—," but had been frightened from his propriety, and fled.—"The rest is *lacking*," said the wit.

☞ The proprietor of the Galt House, at Louisville, a few days ago, received an invoice of seven hundred thousand tooth-picks from Rio.

☞ "Pa, how many legs has a ship?" "A ship has no legs, my child." "Why, pa, the paper says she draws twenty *feet*, and that she *runs* before the wind."

☞ The number of Deaf and Dumb, Blind, Insane and Idiotic persons returned by the Seventh Census of the United States is: Deaf and Dumb, 10,103; Blind, 9,702; Insane, 15,[illegible]; Idiotic, [illegible].

☞ Bishop Soule, of the M. E. Church, South, has, notwithstanding his advanced age, and the sickness of his estimable lady, consented to pay a visit to the churches in California.

☞ The phrase "Christian name" is evidently improper, although allowed by lexicographers. It is a corruption of "Christened name." Two gentlemen were one day conversing, in our hearing, when one asked the other the Christian name of a certain reverend gentleman, who had recently entered the place. "His Christian name is *Orthodox*," replied the other, with much pertinacity and correctness.—*Eclectic.*

☞ RATHER EQUIVOCAL.—One of our exchanges says that the Summer bonnets are as light and airy as the *pretty heads* they adorn.

☞ Dr. Young says that man and wife are like soul and body: always at variance and yet loath to part.

☞ If you wanted to tell a man that another told an untruth, what lady's name would you invoke? 'E-lies, Sir! The author of this immediately started for New York, and is now on his way to England, we believe.

☞ SOULS.—On a casual view of the world, it appears as if there were a great many souls originally made, and destined for human bodies, but that, in the distribution of them, some got three or four, and some none at all.

☞ Raise-a-muss-ki is the name of the Russian General that the Emperor Nicholas has ordered out to put down the insurgents of the Caucasus. Raise-a-muss-ki is good.

☞ A lady from New Hampshire, when asked to explain the secret of Gen. Pierce's great popularity, said,—"He is a fine-looking man—all the ladies will testify to that—and that goes a great way. Why, one day he rode fifty miles with the thermometer below zero, without feeling it, and then came and passed the whole evening with me."

☞ "FUSS AND FEATHERS."—A couple of "colored gemmen" were overheard discussing politics in Broadway, this morning. One says to the other: "What makes 'em call General Scott Ole Fuss and Feathers?" "Why, Lor', Sam, don't you know? It's 'case he's fuss in war, fuss in peace, and fuss in de hearts ob de *country people*."—*N. Y. Eve. Mirror.*

☞ You can't raise a man in any one department, without lifting him up in all. Improve his mind, you refine his character; teach him even mathematics, he will learn politeness; give him good society, he will cease to be coarse; introduce him to Shakspeare, Johnson, Beaumont, Massinger, and Webster, he will be a gentleman.

☞ Codger says, the reason why Jacks are called *knaves*, is because there are so many of them in the *Knavy*.

☞ Of all impostors and calumniators, we most despise those who entrench themselves behind church-pews, and fire regular broadsides of rebuke at better people than they are or ever will be in the essentials of religion.

☞ PALLIATION.—"Pray, sir," said the Commissioner to an insolvent brought up to be discharged on his petition, "pray, sir, how could you willfully, and with your eyes open, contract such a number of debts, without any means of paying them?"

"My lord," said the prisoner, "you labor under a great mistake; I never in my life willfully contracted a debt; on the contrary, I have invariably done everything in my power to enlarge them."

☞ A Western editor speaks of the circumstance of a bird building its nest upon a ledge over the door of a doctor's office, as an attempt to rear its young in the very jaws of death.

☞ When God commands to take the trumpet and blow a dolorous or a jarring blast, it lies not in man's will what he shall say or what he shall conceal.—*Milton.*

☞ According to the French census, one Frenchman in seventy dies by his own hands; and one woman in a hundred and twenty-five.

☞ THE KINDEST OF MEN.—A sheriff's officer is a man who never leaves another in distress!—*Punch.*

☞ Ten cents is the price paid by some furnishing stores in New York, for making a shirt. Oh, philanthropy!

☞ James Hays advertises in the *Richmond Palladium* for a wife. He desires a lady worth a few thousand dollars, of good common sense, with a taste for the fine arts, a lover of science, about the medium size, with an open, cheerful countenance, affectionate in disposition, and capable of taking care of a large family!

☞ Two hundred and fifty unclaimed trunks, valises, and packages, left behind, or mislaid by passengers, were sold at the railroad depot, in Detroit, recently.

☞ POOR FELLOWS.—If we do send gentlemen abroad to represent the country, let them be enabled to associate with the gentlemen of Europe on terms of equality.—*Home Journal.*

Miscellaneous.

A MUSICAL CELEBRITY.

We have heard from time to time of the musical progress of young Gottschalk, of New Orleans, in European reputation, and the following translation from the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, which we quote from a New Orleans journal, will give our readers an idea of how American musical talent is appreciated abroad:

Moreau Gottschalk, the Louisiana pianist, has acquired a glorious position among the most eminent artists of Europe. At his last concert in Paris he met with an enthusiastic success. His reception before such an audience has but confirmed the high reputation he has already obtained at many private soirées in the interior of France, as well as abroad.—The connoisseurs are unanimous in their praise, and even the severest critics speak of him in terms of eulogy. Theophile Gautier, of *La Presse*, thus expresses his opinion:

"An originality in good taste, and a little eccentricity, without charlatanism, have ever appeared to us delightful qualities in an artist of true talent; we therefore gave up ourselves entirely to a feeling of sympathy and admiration when we listened to Gottschalk at his last concert. Among our present great pianists, there are but few who have been able to create for themselves an incontestible individuality.—Liszt, Prudent and Thalberg, are usually the points of comparison which the public chooses when it wishes to measure the worth of their imitators. It can, therefore, be imagined how difficult it is for an artist to leave the beaten track and spread a tent for himself alongside those of the great masters. If Gottschalk, thus young as he is, has been enabled to acquire this individuality, which has escaped so many, it is that, after having formed his talent by severe study, he now lets it wander at random amid the embalmed savannahs of his native land, giving us their delicious perfumes and radiant colors. In music, as in everything else, the greatest charm is novelty, and we have been as much delighted with the casket of gems presented to us by the American virtuoso, as we once were by the songs of the muezzin, and the reveries 'neath the palms which embellished the 'Souvenirs of the East,' by Felicien David and Ernest Reyers. Whatever may be the brilliant traits and wonderful difficulties which mark the execution of Gottschalk, the melody is never sacrificed—it is ever in the ascendant. At times it lulls you gently, as in the 'Savane,' or the 'Mancenillier,' or summons before you dancing Indian maidens, with tambours and cymbals, as in the 'Bamboula.' All these songs of the New World have an originality full of melancholy, of energy, of softness, which awakes a dreamy and delightful sentiment in the soul; and we are certain their success will even be greater in the intimacy of the saloons than in the glare of the footlights.

"At his last concert, Gottschalk was frequently encored. With the most perfect courtesy and entire absence of affectation, he obeyed the exactions of his audience.

"We congratulate the young artist most cordially upon his success, and we also congratulate the editors Escudier, who were the first to appreciate and to patronize the talent of Gottschalk upon his arrival in Paris."

Fiorentino, a most competent judge, thus speaks of Gottschalk in the *Constitutionnel*:

Opinion, that Queen of the world, called in Paris, Fashion, selects every year an artist, whom she overwhelms with favors. This season the favorite of the saloons of public and private concerts has been young Gottschalk.—To obtain a success so universal, so incontestible, so spontaneous, the artist must possess as much talent as good fortune.

Gottschalk is very young, modest, reserved and dignified. He bears a strong resemblance to Chopin, not only in his genius, but in his melancholy gracefulness. His compositions have much distinct originality and irresistible charm. They are in general of a *requettish brevity*, if I may thus speak, for the audience, suddenly arrested in their pleasure, call for them again with lively impatience. The "Bananier," the "Mancenillier," the variations on "God Save the Queen," the "Moissonneuse," the "Chasse du Jeune Henri," and several other little *chefs d'œuvres*, have become very soon exceedingly popular.

The execution of Gottschalk has a finish, a neatness, a rapidity quite astonishing. At the moment when he seems to soothe you with an imperceptible melody, there escapes from his fingers a hurricane of notes of an admirable power and sonorousness.

But it is not by these contrasts so skillfully managed, by these oppositions of color and effect, he succeeds in electrifying the public. The talent of Gottschalk is of a higher order. It is an inspiration frank and true. It is the reflection of a poetry deeply felt, which commands our admiration and applause. We can exclaim to this young artist as Grétry did to Nicolo: "Vous etes dans la bonne voise; ne vous en ecartez jamais."

Gottschalk, we learn, is to return to this country the coming season. He has been complimented in Spain, (where he gave a series of successful concerts) with valuable presents and letters from different princesses. "The young Creole," says the *N. O. Picayune*, "appears to be a[illegible], [illegible] a man, as he is original, [illegible] as an artist." This is certainly promising much for him.

CALIFORNIA.—A correspondent of the Boston Commonwealth writes that he never saw in a city of the size, so many men out of employment, embracing tradesmen and mechanics of all kinds, as in San Francisco. The same writer says the difficulty in getting gold increases. The mining regions are full of people to overflowing, every foot of land that is known to pay well is claimed, and there are thousands who cannot get claims that will pay for working. The placer diggings, he thinks, will be pretty well washed this season, and if new discoveries are made there will be a rush of adventurers, as the claims now are necessarily very small, say thirty feet square, and sometimes less, soon exhausted, and not affording the miner time and means to build comfortable quarters. The Chinese are, without any exception, the most orderly and best behaved class of people in the country—contented with small gains, living very frugally, and are great miners, though not able to compete with the Yankees in physical energy and endurance.

OUT-DOOR EXERCISE.—One of the old-fashioned sons of Esculapius, on being asked by a patient what were the best means for preserving health, replied, "out-door exercise." "And what," added the patient, "is the best way to avoid taking cold?" The doctor again answered, "out-door exercise." "And pray, doctor, do tell me how I shall get an appetite?" "Why, by out-door exercise." Nothing so true, because it is the voice of nature. Franklin, who well understood the rules of health, observed, "dress moderately, and take plenty of exercise, and you won't blame the climate of Philadelphia for sins of your own making."

☞ They say that fish may be carried alive any distance by putting on them a good coating of compact clay, wet with salt water, and surrounding it with ice. In this way you may see swimming in the fishmongers tubs at Paris fish brought from the coast of Denmark.

General News.

SANDWICH ISLANDS—VESSEL CUT OFF AND CREW MURDERED.—Captain George Heath, of the bark Pascadora, of Valparaiso, touched at Chatham Island, one of the Gallipagos, on his recent voyage to this port. He has kindly furnished us with the following particulars of the massacre of the crew of an American sloop, and the destruction of the vessel by the convicts on that island.

From the information communicated to him, it appears that about the middle of November last, the sloop Phantom, Capt. Kendal, of San Francisco, visited that island for a cargo of turtle. A boat was sent ashore with all the crew, except the captain, mate and boy. While thus weakened, a boat with five convicts came off, attacked the vessel, and killed the mate; on observing which, the captain jumped overboard, but was pursued and killed in the water. The pirates then returned to the vessel, killed the boy, and plundered the vessel. Money to the amount of $7,000 or $8,000 was supposed to have been on board. After robbing the vessel of all they wanted, she was scuttled and sunk. The party on shore were all killed by the convicts, who quarrelled among themselves, and killed one of their own number.

Capt. Heath saw on shore a chronometer, the miniature and clothes of Captain Kendal, and was informed by the English Captain of a Spanish brig, that two of the perpetrators of the massacre had been apprehended, and that the other two were still at large in the mountains.

Murders are of frequent occurrence on all the islands of the Gallipagos group among the convicts. While passing out between two of the islands, a whale boat, manned by prisoners, came alongside, and reported that three men were murdered the day before, one of whom was a white man, supposed to have been a runaway sailor.

Captain Heath warns all vessels touching at the Gallipagos, to be on their guard, as it is altogether unsafe to trust the desperadoes who are imprisoned there. He strongly surmises that the petty Governors who have charge of the prisoners are implicated in acts of piracy, and he himself came near falling into a trap set for his destruction, and for the capture of his vessel. He only escaped by receiving warning from the captain of the Spanish brig.—*Polynesian.*

☞ A new respiratory apparatus, on the principle of a Turkish hookah, fitted to purify the air of a coal mine from the mephitic vapors with which it is contaminated, has been invented in England. This contrivance is in the form of a cylindrical vessel, containing two tubes, one of which enters the main body, passes downward through a perforated plate, and forms at the bottom a circular box. In the box is a chemical solution in liquid through which the air passes and is purified. The length of the tube is 8 inches; depth of circular box 1 inch; diameter 4½ inches. The recommendation for the chemical compound is a solution of caustic soda—simple and cheap. The inventor is Thos. Howarth, M. D., of Cheshire.

THE AMERICAN "CRYSTAL PALACE" EXHIBITION.—The association having charge of this proposed exhibition of the industry of the civilized world, which is to take place at New York, publish in the papers of that city a notice stating that it will be opened May 2nd, 1853, at "Reservoir Square," which place having been granted for their use by the municipal authorities, the association is proceeding to erect a building thereon. Mr. Chas. Buschell, late Austrian Commissioner at the London Exhibition, has been appointed agent of the association for all countries other than the continent of America. His office is at No. 6 Charing Cross, London. The American Committee will correspond with any persons in America desirous of contributing to the exhibition, and they are requested to send in their applications immediately, addressed to "the Secretary of the Association for the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations, New York." Such applications must state distinctly the nature and purpose of the objects each applicant intends to exhibit, and the number of square feet they will occupy. Applications for the admission of machinery to be exhibited in motion, must state the amount of motive-power they will require. Paintings in frames will be received. The association reserves the right to reject applications, and to determine the length of time objects shall be exhibited. Exhibitors must designate an agent to whom their contributions shall be delivered when withdrawn. Prizes will be awarded in the various departments by capable and eminent persons.—*North American.*

WILL OF HENRY CLAY—Lexington, Ky., July 14.—The will of Mr. Clay was presented in Court on Monday and admitted to the record. The will is drawn by his own hand, and bears date July 10th, 1851. It relates almost entirely to the disposition of his estate among the members of his family. The only exception being that which relates to his slaves. It is provided that the children of his slaves, born after the 1st of January, 1850, are to be liberated and sent to Liberia—the males at the age of 28 years and the females at the age of 25. Three years' earnings, prior to their emancipation, are to be reserved for their benefit, for the purpose of fitting them out; and prior to removal, they are to be taught to read, write and cypher. The slaves in being, before 1850, are bequeathed to his family. Ashland is left to Mrs. Clay, for her sole use and benefit during her life, and at her death it is to be sold and the proceeds divided among his children. The following are the only specific devises outside of the family:—To Dr. D. W. Dudley, the gold snuff-box presented by Dr. Hunt, late of Washington; to Henry T. Duncan, ring containing a piece of the coffin of Washington; to Dr. W. N. Mercer, snuff-box, said to have belonged to Peter the Great. Mrs. Clay, executrix, and the Hon. Thomas A. Marshall and Jas. O. Harrison, are appointed the executors of the will, with the provision that no security shall be required of either.

ANTI-RENTISM AT WILLIAMSTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS.—On the evening of Thursday, the 8th instant, a party of Anti-Renters, mounted on horses, and disguised as Indians, crossed the State line, from Rensselaer County, over West Mountain, into Williamstown, and drove off some forty head of cattle, seizing upon them wherever they could be found, and hurrying them toward the line; before any effectual resistance could be opposed to them, they were well on the way toward home, having shot at the only farmer who hindered them, fortunately without injuring him. As soon as possible a party was selected, comprised chiefly of students from Williams' College, and headed by Sheriff Bulkley, and constables Haskins and Cox, and chase was given to the midnight plunderers.

They were overtaken before reaching the brow of the hill, and opposed little resistance to the pursuing party, fired a few shots, and fled, leaving the cattle, the greater part of which was driven back, and the remainder scattered about the woods on the mountain, whence they were reclaimed by their rightful owners in the morning. All the injury sustained was a slight flesh wound in the thigh received by Mr. Samuel Field.

TERRIBLE MORTALITY ON BOARD AN ENGLISH SHIP.—The case of the British ship Lady Montague, bound to California, has lately been investigated by the Board of Trade. Their Report shows the horrors of the emigrant "slave-trade." It appears that "During the passage several casks of water were found to be sour and perfectly unfit for use; also the fish sent on board for the use of the emigrants."

Sickness and fever appeared among the poor, crowded creatures in a few days after they left port. Many committed suicide by jumping overboard; and by the time the ship put into Hobartown no fewer than one hundred and ninety-three had perished. At Hobartown the Governor sent all the assistance that was possible to alleviate the sufferings on board. By the 30th of April, the medical officer who had gone to the relief of the emigrants, succeeded in restoring those who survived to health, and the ship resumed her voyage to Callao. The pestilence, however, again broke out, and before the Lady Montague had reached her destination, nearly one hundred other persons had died—making, according to the Captain's account, in a letter to his owner, 276 deaths, including 20 of the ship's crew.

BURIAL OF HENRY CLAY.—Henry Clay is buried. The solemn ceremonies are just concluded. Never did I witness a spectacle of such imposing solemnity—ceremonies of such an impressive character, and never shall I witness another. All day long the bells have been tolling—all day long the minute guns have been booming,—all day long ten thousand mourners, on horseback, in carriages, and on foot, have been slowly marching to the music of the funeral dirge. The whole city is shrouded with crape; it flows in broad folds from the heads of the mourners; it encircles their limbs, it covers the horses and carriages, darkens the front of every building, and droops from the top of every flag-staff; the very streets are arched with the sable drapery, till the exclamation of the poet seems to have met with a literal fulfilment:

"Hung be the Heavens with black."

Even the slaves wear the weeds of mourning upon the hat and arm. Lexington is filled to overflowing with a vast multitude of people, the number of strangers being computed at eighty thousand.—*Tribune Correspondence.*

PROGRESS OF MORMONISM.—Elder Curtis E. Bolton, writing from Paris under date of June 14, speaks most encouragingly of his success. He is now holding public meetings, and in the last three weeks had baptized fifteen persons.

Elder Wm. Willis writes from Calcutta, May 2, that since last Christmas day his Indian brethren had increased from six to one hundred and fifty, and "if we," says he, "were to include children, we could show more than three hundred Indian Saints of all sizes, colors and languages, not to say a word about dress and undress." The statistics of the Mormons in India, at that date, were three Elders, eight priests, nine teachers, eight deacons, and one hundred and twenty-two members.

A SHIP SUNK BY A WHALE.—We learn by the London News, that the French brig Pauline, homeward bound with a cargo of sugar from Porto Rico, on the forenoon of the 17th of June, in longitude of 40 10 W. of Paris, and in latitude 40 80 N., was struck by a whale upon the bows, and so much damaged that she almost immediately filled and sunk. The captain and crew, consisting of ten men, and a passenger, succeeded in hoisting out a boat, into which they stowed a bag of biscuit and a little water, and then abandoned the sinking ship. On the fourth day they were fortunately rescued by the British ship Crusader, treated with the greatest kindness, and landed safely at Cowes.

☞ The connexion between ignorance and vice is forcibly illustrated by some statistics that have recently been published. It is stated that of 14,289 persons accused of crimes in France, 5,689 could neither read nor write, and 8 805 could read and write only imperfectly.—Of 4,470 abandoned females in Paris, only 110 could sign their names well, 1,780 wrote very badly, while more than half the number could not write at all. Of 8,103 persons, of the same description in London, only four had received a superior education; 89 could read and write well, 1 237 could read and write imperfectly, and 6,773, more than three-fourths of the whole, could neither read nor write at all.

☞ The Sacramento State Journal, says the following estimate, from the N. Y. Herald, is "not devoid of truth."

"It is calculated that out of every hundred persons who have gone to California, fifty have been ruined, forty no better than they would have been had they remained at home, five a little better, four something better still, and one has made a fortune. That seems to be a fair proportion of the California adventurers."

NEW YORK, July 17, 1852.—Some uneasiness, if not alarm, is expressed to-day in consequence of the appearance of a malignant disease at the quarantine hospitals at Staten Island. It is not ship-fever; and the physicians, I am told, are not agreed as to whether it is cholera. The other public institutions, however, are in a healthy condition. It is not known to what fatal extent the disease in question has proceeded, but it is believed to be great.

☞ The death of Major-General Roger Jones, the Adjutant-General of the United States Army, which has been announced by telegraph, was occasioned by a relapse after an attack of cholera morbus. He was one of the veterans of the war of 1812, in which struggle he distinguished himself upon several occasions. He was a native of Virginia, and had filled the post of Colonel since the year 1825. On the 30th of May, 1848, he was brevetted a Major General.—*North American.*

FROM MEXICO.—A letter in the Picayune, from Brownsville, announces the arrest of a gang of Mexican and Indian robbers by a party of American citizens. The robbers exhibited written authority from Gen. Avalos to rob and murder Americans.

Mr. Waddle, the American Consul, is about leaving Matamoros for Washington, to lay the facts before the Government.

QUEBEC, July 15.—Yesterday, at Cape Diamond, a large mass of rocks fell from the mountain side, and crushed three houses, killing eight of the occupants. Subsequently two other slides occurred, and crushed several other houses, and killed, as is reported, a number of persons.

☞ Lola Montez publishes in the New York Daily Times a very well written letter threatening to sue the editor of that paper for libel, unless he retracts some rather gross assertions respecting her, which appeared in one of his leading articles.

MORMON POLYGAMY.—W. W. Phelps, of Utah, leading Latter Day Saint, an Elder in the Mormon Church, has written a letter to the New York Herald, acknowledging that polygamy is practised among them, and defending it.

ENGLISH ORATORY.—An American, who has recently visited the British House of Commons, thus extols the brevity and pith of the English speakers. Would that our own rambling, long-winded Congressional speakers would study to condense their thunder in the same manner:—Their eloquence would be a thousand times more effective. But it is useless to expect a body of marksmen to aim directly at the bull's eye, when they are firing at everything but the target. Says the writer to whom we refer, of the English: "Up they start in a twinkling, the hat coming off simultaneously. They preamble little, but shoot right at the white; reserve their antithetic brilliance for the conclusion, which is hardly uttered before the hat is on, and they drop! If you should put a pistol ball through the heart, you could not bring them down much quicker. There is no loud bawling in speaking, save among the Irish. But the cheers, cries of 'hear!' and at times the perfect Babelism of the House, is as comical as it is novel to an American."

☞ "Good old Mrs. Dusenbury says she recollects when seeing Frank Pierce when he was nussing at his mother's breast, when he was a little bit of a baby, and she *knew then*, by the way he persevered and dug with his little fingers, that he would be President *some day*, and now it was going to come to pass, unless the hateful Whigs prevent it."—*Commercial.*

SENSIBLE INSECTS.—It is stated that the peelings of cucumbers, placed in the way of cockroaches for three or four nights in succession, will entirely clear a house of those pests of the housekeeper.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

SATURDAY, July 17, 1852.

REMARKS—There are but few changes to notice in the market during the past week. The weather has been extremely warm, and a large number of our citizens are absent upon their usual summer excursions. There is no new feature to present in the Money market. The abundance of capital noted for some time past still continues, and good paper is readily negotiated at low rates. There was rather a speculative movement in Stocks early in the week, but within a day or two there has been less activity. Cotton has been in moderate request, without change in prices. Flour and Wheat has been in moderate request, and for the latter an improvement has been realized. The inactivity which has characterized the Iron market for some time past still continues, and the sales of all descriptions are on a very restricted scale. Provisions are in fair request, and prices of Pork, Bacon and Lard have an upward tendency. Sugar has been in fair request at steady prices. There has been an increased demand for Cloverseed, and considerable sales have been made at an advance. Freights to foreign ports are dull. Exchange on England rules at 110a110½.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The receipts of Flour during the past week have been to a fair extent. There has been an increased export demand, and about 9,000 bbls have been disposed of at $4 per barrel for good Western and Pennsylvania recently ground, including 1,200 bbls strictly fresh ground at $4,25, and extra at $4,25 to 4,87½, as to quality. The sales for city consumption have been limited within the range of the same quotations. Rye Flour sells in lots at $3,50.—Corn Meal has been in limited request. Sales of 500 bbls Pennsylvania at about $3,25, and 2,500 barrels Brandywine at $3,25 per bbl.

GRAIN—There has been a good demand for Wheat, and with limited supplies holders have been enabled to realize a slight improvement. Sales of 20,000 bushels at $1,03 per bushel for prime Pennsylvania white, and 95a97c for red. Sales of 1,000 bushels *New* red at 95ca$1, the latter rate for superior quality. Rye is much wanted for distilling. Small sales at 81a 83c. Corn has been in moderate request, and prices are well supported. Sales of 14a15,000 bushels yel low at 63a64 cts, afloat and in store. Oats come in slowly, and meet a good inquiry. Sales of 8a10,000 bushels Pennsylvania at 44a45c per bushel, and Southern at 42a43c, afloat.

PROVISIONS—Pork is in fair request. Sales of 300 bbls Mess at $19,75, and Prime at $18 per barrel. City packed Mess Beef is held at $19. Bacon is held firmly. Sales of Hams at 10a12c; Sides 10½c, and Shoulders at 9c. Lard is held firmly. Sales of bbls at 11c, and kegs at 11¼a12c per lb, on time. Prices of Butter and Cheese are unchanged.

AMERICAN FABRICS—There has been rather more activity in the market this week; and some of the Western dealers have commenced laying in their Fall supplies. Prices are firm for all descriptions.

BARK—Prices of Quercitron Bark are steady—sales of 200 No 1 hhds at $24,50 per ton. Sales of Spanish Oak at $14 per cord.

BEESWAX—Continues scarce and in good demand at 26a26½c per lb, cash.

CANDLES—The demand is limited for all descriptions at our last quotations.

COAL—The activity which we have noticed in the market for some time past has somewhat fallen, still prices have an upward tendency. Supplies are arriving freely, both from the Schuylkill and Lehigh Mines, and large shipments are making up the Eastward. Bituminous Coal is scarce.

COFFEE—The market has been very quiet, and [illegible] are confined to 15a1,000 bags Laguayra and Rio at 9[illegible]; and a small lot of Jamaica at 9½c per lb, on time.

COPPER—English Sheathing Copper is held firmly at 24c per lb. Small sales of Yellow Metal at 18a19c.

COTTON—The market has been quiet during the past week. There has been a limited inquiry, and prices are steadily maintained. Sales of 600 bales Upland and New Orleans at 10a11½c per lb, on time.

COTTON MOVEMENTS.

	1852. Bales.	1851. Bales.
Receipts at all ports since 1st Sept. last	2,972,024	2,236,977
Exports do	2,337,409	1,837,163
Shipments from Southern to Northern ports	216,502	614,989
Stock at all ports	158,198	235,049
Stock at New York, 15th July	65,065	49,944
Do New Orleans, 3d July	43,803	142,576
Stock in the interior	18,802	83,077

The receipts have fallen far below those of the corresponding week of last year; a little, it is understood, remains to come forward; hence the firmness of the market, in the absence of a quick demand. Little change is expected till the character of the growing crop is known. At present that promises favorably.

DRUGS AND DYES—There is but a small business doing, and no transactions worthy of notice have been reported.

FEATHERS—The demand continues limited; small sales of good Western at 39c per lb, cash.

FISH—The demand for Mackerel continues limited, and the sales are mostly confined to small lots from store at $10,50 per bbl for No 1; $10 for No 2, and $5,25a6,50 for large No 3. Prices of Codfish and Herring are unchanged.

FRUIT—A cargo of Messina Oranges and Lemons have arrived, part of which has mostly been disposed of at from $1 to 2,75. Considerable sales of Bahama Pine Apples have been made at $5a9 per 100, as in quality.

GINSENG—No sales reported. We quote Crude at 40a45c per lb.

GUANO—The sales are limited at our former quotations.

HEMP—No sales have been reported for some weeks past.

HIDES—The stock in first hands is exhausted, and no transactions have been made.

HOPS—Sell slowly at our last quotations.

INDIGO—A small sale of Bengal at $1,22 per lb, 6 months.

IRON—The market is inactive, and the sales of Pig Metal are confined to small lots of No 1 Anthracite at $20a21, and No 2 at $19a20 per ton, on time. Prices of Bars, Blooms and Boiler Plates are unchanged.

LEAD—Is dull, and no sales have come under our notice.

LEATHER—Is in good demand, and the late advance in prices is fully maintained.

LUMBER—There is no change to notice in the market this week. Sales of Laths at $1,70a1,75 per M.

There were shipped by Lehigh Canal for the week ending 10th inst. Feet 1,910,666
Previously 21,271,527

Total this year 23,182,193

MOLASSES—The receipts this week have been small, but there is very little inquiry; small sales of Cuba at 21c, on time.

NAVAL STORES—A sale of 500 bbls common Rosin at $1,37½ per bbl. Prices of Tar and Pitch are unchanged. Spirits of Turpentine sells in lots at 43a 45 cts.

OILS—Fish Oils are in moderate request from store at full rates. In Lard Oil no change. Linseed Oil sells in lots at 80a83c.

PLASTER—Is dull. The last sale of Soft at $2,25 per ton.

RICE—Is higher. Sales in lots at 4¼a4½ cts per lb, cash and on time.

SALT—There has been several arrivals, all of which have been disposed of on terms kept private.

SEEDS—There has been an increased demand for Cloverseed, and prices have advanced. Sales of 2,200 bushels at about $4,87a5 per 64 lbs. Prices of Timothy and Flaxseed are unchanged.

SPICES—No sales worthy of notice have transpired.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin sell only in small lots at our former quotations. N. E. Rum commands 26a27c. Whiskey is held firmly. Sales at 23c in both hhds and bbls.

SUGAR—There has been more activity in the market, and the sales have been to a fair extent, amounting to 1,300 hhds Cuba and Porto Rico at 5a[illegible]c per lb, on time.

TALLOW—Is scarce; small sales of Rendered at 8a8½c per lb.

TEAS—There is no new feature to present in the market.

TOBACCO—Prices are firm for both Leaf and Manufactured, but the sales are limited.

WOOL—Supplies continue to come forward slowly. There is a good demand, and the late advance in prices are fully maintained. Sales of 60,000 lbs at 34 to 50c per lb, 6 mos.

FREIGHTS—Some engagements of Flour to Liverpool have been made at 1s 3d per bbl; and Bark at 20s a 22s 6d per ton. Colliers are in good demand at $1,65 per ton to Boston; $1,20 to Rhode Island, and 95c to New York.—*Inquirer.*

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, July 19.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,500 head. Beeves are selling from $7,00 to 8,50 per 100 lbs. Hogs—About 500 head in market, and sold from $7,00 to 7,50 per 100 lbs. Cows—About 250 in market, and sold at prices ranging from $13 to 45. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $2,50 to 4,00; the latter from $2 to 3,50, according to quality.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1853.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with despatch, in the best manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

OUR NOVELETS.

We commence, this week, a new and interesting story by Mrs. Southworth, entitled —

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON,

A TALE OF REPENTANCE AND REDEMPTION.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

author of "The Deserted Wife," "Shannondale," "The Discarded Daughter," &c.

At the conclusion of "The Curse of Clifton," we shall give the Sequel to Vols. —

CLARA MORELAND,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

author of "Prairie Flower," "Bandits of the Osage," &c.

In addition to the above works of fiction, we shall not neglect the usual assortment of Miscellaneous matter—comprised in a great degree of the choicest articles that appear in the Eastern magazines, together with the Cream of New Works, Original Letters, Gossip, Fashion News, Odds and Ends Received, &c., &c.—rendering it unnecessary to say anything as to the variety and interest of our columns, and make them worthy of a first class paper, and a low priced one.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 12th, the Senate met before the Speaker's statement from the War Department, relative to the amount required for printing and binding by that Department since March, 1861.

Mr. Davis presented a petition from citizens of Boston, asking recognition of Hayden Independence. Referred.

Mr. Hamlin presented a petition directing an inquiry into the expediency of creating a Department of Washington. Mr. Adams

A bill authorizing the settlement of certain claims by the Secret Indians, was ordered to be engrossed.

A bill to provide for the payment of the expenses of an act concerning suspended navigable streams, was considered, debated and postponed.

A bill in relief of James D. Lowry was passed.

The House joint resolution for the relief of the widow of R. H. Stanton, of Congress, was passed.

The House bill for the relief of Isaac Cobb, was passed.

The bill amending the act providing for the discovery of the lines of passengers on vessels propelled, in whole or in part, by steam, was taken up, and, after debate, ordered to be engrossed.

A joint resolution authorizing the Secretary of War to take suitable arms to a volunteer company of the District, composed of the sons of the members of Congress, was introduced by Mr. Clemens, and taken up and passed to a third reading.

On motion of Mr. Mason, the joint resolution for indemnifying the Spanish Consul and other subjects of the Queen of Spain, residing at New Orleans and Key West, for injuries sustained by them at the hands of the mob during the late visit of the Cuban exiles, and the persons captured in the Cuban Expedition, was taken up and ordered to be engrossed.

Mr. Mason gave notice of a joint resolution to amend the joint rules of the two Houses, so as to require that all the appropriation bills shall be sent to the Senate at least ten days before the time fixed for the adjournment.

On motion of Mr. Douglas, the Senate proceeded to the consideration of the bill authorizing the President to raise, arm and equip three regiments of mounted men, to serve for three years, in guarding and protecting the line of the Pacific Railroad, and in carrying the mail across the Rocky Mountains, Utah and the settlements in California and Oregon. There are to be fourteen companies in each regiment, of about 100 men each, with intervening spaces, twenty miles apart, between the companies. The bill fixes the pay of officers and enlisted men, and provides for the transmission of necessary provisions and supplies, without cost to the Government, and so as to send the mails over the route, and at the end of three years are to be entitled to a bounty of 160 acres of land. The bill was then ordered to be engrossed, and these military companies are to be free of charge. The bill also appropriates \$20,000 for the purpose to collect the provisions at the depots.

Mr. Douglas moved to fill the blank with one hundred thousand dollars.

Mr. Hale said the Senate might as well fill the blank with a million of dollars, as the object of the bill was to keep the army in the Atlantic States in peace, and before the negotiation of Texas and the new territories, was at the end of \$20,000,000 for each man. That cost had not been reduced since then. The present expenses would amount to \$1,000,000, which, at \$70,000 each, would amount to \$1,000,000 a year. He thought the bill ought to be laid on the table, where he hoped it would have to lie.

Mr. Douglas replied that the great cost of the army was the reservation, which expense might be saved by the interests proposed further.

Mr. Hale said that the bill, which proposed an increase of the military force of the United States, ought to undergo the revision of the Military Committee. At present he could not vote for it, as he proposed to establish a military force, costing annually a hundred millions, for the purpose of protecting a few hirelings in the whole war in existence, and would not vote for it. He thought the whole subject of the military establishment was not carried by that bill, and which, if carried, would greatly increase the expense of the Administration. If this policy was to be kept the country long, because the Indians, the three millions of people, and the territory, were to be expanded, he should refuse to sanction such a policy. He moved that the bill be referred to the Committee on Military Affairs.

Mr. Douglas said the object of the bill was to protect the emigrant route. The Committee on Military Affairs had reported against the bill, and he hoped they would proceed to the consideration of it. The bill was necessary for the protection of the emigrants. They might be attacked by the Indians, and he was opposed to a portion of the army there, or by this system of military occupation. The latter, he thought, was the best and cheapest.

Mr. Hale replied, in favor of the bill and against the establishment.

Messrs Dawson and Bailey opposed the bill, and after contesting the debate till three o'clock, the bill was postponed till the next Tuesday, and the Senate adjourned.

On the 14th the Senate met at half-past 10 o'clock. Numerous petitions were presented. Mr. Hamlin moved that the House bill, authorizing the President to designate places for ports of entry and delivery in Maine, and for the appointment of the Collector at Astoria.

The bill was taken up, read a third time, and passed.

Mr. Bradbury reported a bill, making it a penal offence for the officers of the army to engage in trade or wares for supplying the army with provisions.

Mr. Mason submitted a resolution, requesting the President of the United States to communicate to the Senate the correspondence relative to the Cuban Expedition which was fitted out from Key West.

Adopted.

Mr. Morris introduced a resolution amending the joint rules, so as to require all the appropriation bills to be sent to the Senate at least ten days before the time fixed for the adjournment of Congress.

Mr. Douglas moved to take up the message, transmitted from the House relative to the Cuban Expedition.

The joint resolution, authorizing the Secretary of War to furnish a company of Volunteers, composed of the city, with suitable arms, was put on its passage.

Mr. Hale opposed the passage of it, because it was a wrong precedent. He thought the military spirit of the country should be encouraged, but not to excess enough. It had already elected one President, and was trying hard to elect another one. He opposed it.

Mr. Chilton said—That he was as a boy, but he was not opposed to the military spirit of the country, and he knew how appointments were made

Selected Poetry.

THE TWO SISTERS.

Awake! awake! the royal hills
Are diademed with rosy light,
The waving forests, warbling rills,
All worship God aright.

Where trees like emerald pillars rise,
A child is kneeling on the sod,
Her face is looking on the skies,
Her heart is gone to God.

Her prayer is said, she rises now,
She seeks the clear, familiar bower,
Shadowed by many a leafy bough,
Perfumed by many a flower.

With fingers pale the bridal vine
Still clasps her forest lord, and strays
Where warm voluptuous sunbeams shine
A thousand different ways;

Or hangs the curtain that she weaves
In folds before the temple fair;
A lovely tapestry of leaves
That stirs with every air.

The child approached the lone retreat,
With quickened step and eager eye;
She called—Awake! oh, sister sweet!
But there was no reply.

She drew the leafy veil apart,
She looked above, but nothing said;
And entering with a beating heart,
She stood before the dead.

Alone and with the dead she stood;
The dead, asleep among the flowers,
That yesternight her hand had strewed,
Marked not the changing hours.

She knew not it was morning prime,
Shall never know the silent noon,
Shall never heed the twilight time,
Nor chronicle the moon.

A broken lily in her hand,
A drooping rose on drooping head;
Even nature seemed to understand
Her queenliest flower lay dead.

The child, with aspect sad and still,
Stood gazing at her sister's side,
Content, if it had been God's will,
That moment to have died.

She felt like Eve, when Eden's gate
Had closed on her forever more;
She felt that life was desolate,
That Paradise was o'er.

No tears are here, for tears are vain,
The heart and not the robe is rent;
If God who gives will take again,
'Tis folly to lament.

Then drop the curtain, fold by fold,
Over the consecrated bower,
And veil from envious eyes and cold,
The dead and living flower.

The London Leader.

Selected Articles.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S USE OF WORDS.

FROM "TRENCH ON THE STUDY OF WORDS."

NO. I.

I shall now attempt to apply, and to suggest some ways in which you may apply, what has been hitherto spoken to practical ends, and make this study of words, which I have been pressing upon you, to tell upon your own teaching hereafter; for assuredly we ought never to disconnect what we ourselves may learn, from the hope and expectation of being able by its aid to teach others more effectually; our studies, when we do so, become instantly a selfish thing. There is a noble line in Chaucer, where, characterizing the true scholar, he says of him,

"And gladly would he learn, and gladly teach,"

and in the spirit of this line I trust that we shall each one of us work and live.

But to address ourselves to the matter more directly in hand. You all here are made acquainted with a good deal more than the first rudiments of the Latin tongue. Every one who can at all appreciate what your future task will be, must rejoice that it is so. Indeed, it is hard to understand how you could be otherwise fitted and accomplished for the work which you have before you. It is conceivable in languages like the Greek and the German, which, for all practical purposes, may be considered rounded and complete in themselves, which contain all the resources for discovering the origin and meaning of their words in their own bosom, or so nearly so, that the few exceptions need not be taken into account, in such languages, I say, it is conceivable that a thorough knowledge of his own tongue may be attained by one who remains ignorant of any other, and that himself possessing, he may be able to impart this same knowledge to others. In fact, the Greek, who certainly understood his own language thoroughly, never did extend his knowledge beyond it. But it is different with English.—Would we follow up its words, not to their remotest sources, but only a step or two, it carries us at once beyond itself and to a foreign soil, and mainly to the Latin. This being the case, he who has not some acquaintance with Latin can only explain a vast number of words loosely and at hazard; he has some general sense or impression of what they intend, of the ideas which they represent, but nothing certain. He stands on no solid ground; he does not feel able to plant himself securely as at a middle point, from which, as from a common centre, all its different meanings diverge.

And having these convictions in regard of the advantage of following up words to their sources of "deriving" them, that is, of tracing each little rill to the river from which it first was drawn, let me here observe, as something not remote from our subject, but, on the contrary, directly bearing upon it, that I can conceive no method of so effectually defacing and barbarizing our English tongue, no scheme that would go so far to empty it, practically at least and for us, of all the hoarded wit, wisdom, imagination, and history which it contains, to cut the vital nerve which connects its present with the past, as the introduction of the scheme of "phonetic spelling," which some have lately been zealously advocating among us; the principle of which is that all words should be spelt according as they are sounded, that the writing should be, in every case, subordinated to the speaking.

The tacit assumption that it ought so to be is the pervading error running through the whole system. But there is no necessity that it should; every word on the contrary has *two* existences, as a spoken word and a written; and you have no right to sacrifice one of these, or even to subordinate it wholly, to the other. A word exists as truly for the eye as for the ear, and in a highly advanced state of society, where reading is almost as universal as speaking, as much perhaps for the first as for the last. That in the *written* word moreover is the permanence and continuity of language and of learning, and that the connection is most intimate of a true orthography with all this, is affirmed in our words "letters," "literature," "unlettered," even as in other languages by words entirely corresponding to these.

The gains consequent on the introduction of such a change as is proposed would be insignificantly small, while the losses would be enormously great. The gains would be the saving of a certain amount of labor in the learning to spell; an amount of labor, however, absurdly exaggerated by the promoters of this scheme. This labor, whatever it is, would be in great part saved, as the pronunciation would at once put in possession of the spelling; if, indeed, spelling or orthography could then be said to exist. But even this insignificant gain would not long remain, seeing that pronunciation is itself continually altering; custom is lord here for better or for worse; and a multitude of words are now pronounced in a different manner from that of a hundred years ago, so that, ere very long, there would again be a chasm between the spelling and pronunciation of words;—unless indeed the former were to vary, as I do not see well how it could consistently refuse to do with each variation of the latter, reproducing each one of its barbarous or capricious alterations; which thus it must be remembered, would be changes not in the pronunciation only, but in the word itself, for the word would only exist as a pronounced word, the written being a mere shadow of this. When these had multiplied a little, and they would indeed multiply exceedingly, so soon as the barrier against them which now exists was removed, what the language would ere long become, it is not easy to guess.

This fact, however, though alone sufficient to show how little the scheme of phonetic spelling would remove even those inconveniences which it proposes to remedy, is only the smallest objection to it. The far deeper and more serious one is, that in innumerable instances, it would obliterate altogether those clear marks of birth and parentage, which, if not all, yet so many of our words bear now upon their very fronts, or are ready, upon a very slight interrogation, to declare to us. Words have now an ancestry; and the ancestry of words as of men is often a very noble part of them, making them capable of great things, because those from whom they are descended have done great things before them; but this would deface their scutcheon, and bring them all to the same ignoble level. Words are now a nation, grouped into tribes and families, some smaller, some larger; this change would go far to reduce them to a promiscuous and barbarous horde. Now they are often translucent with their idea, as an alabaster vase is lighted up by a lamp placed within it; in how many cases would this inner light be then quenched? They have now a body and a soul, and the soul looking through the body; oftentimes then nothing but the body, not seldom nothing but the carcase, of the word would remain. Both these objections were urged long ago by Bacon, who characterizes this so-called reformation, "that writing should be consonant to speaking," as "a branch of unprofitable subtlety;" and especially urges that thereby "the derivations of words, especially from foreign languages are utterly defaced and extinguished."

From the results of various approximations to phonetic spelling, which from time to time have been made, and the losses which have thereon ensued, we may guess what the loss would be were the system fully carried out. When "fancy" was spelt "phantasy," as by Sylvester in his translation of Du Bartas, and by the other scholarlike writers of that time, no one could then doubt of its connection, or rather its original identity, with "phantasy," as no Greek scholar could miss its relation with *phantasia*. Of those sufficiently acquainted with Latin, it would be curious to know how many have seen "silva" in "savage," since it has been so written, and not "salvage," as of old? or have been reminded of the hindrances to a civilized state of existence which the indomitable forest, more perhaps than any other obstacle, presents. Spell "analyse" as I have sometimes seen it, and as phonetically it ought to be, "analize," and the tap-root of the word is cut. What number of readers will recognize in it the image of dissolving and resolving aught into its elements, and use it with a more or less conscious reference to this? It may be urged that few do so even now among those who employ the word. The more need they should not be fewer; *for there few do in fact retain the word in its place, prevent it from gradually drifting from it, preserve its vitality not merely for themselves, but also for the others that have not this knowledge.* In phonetic spelling is in fact the proposal that the educated should voluntarily place themselves in the conditions and under the disadvantages of the ignorant and uneducated, instead of seeking to elevate these last to theirs.*

Even now the relationship of words, which are so important for our right understanding of them, are continually overlooked; a very little thing serving to conceal them from us. For example, what a multitude of our nouns substantive and adjective are, in fact, unsuspected participles, or are otherwise most closely connected with verbs, with which, notwithstanding, until some one points out the fact to us, we probably never think of putting them in any relation. And yet with how lively an interest shall we discover words to be of closest kin, which we had never considered till now, but as entire strangers to one another; what a real increase will it be in our acquaintance with, and mastery of, English to become aware of such relationship. Thus "heaven" is only the perfect of "to heave;" and is so called because it is "heaved" or "heaven" up, being properly the sky as it is raised aloft; the "smith" has his name from the sturdy blows that he "smites" upon the anvil; "wrong" is the perfect participle of "to wring," that which one has "wrung" or wrested from the right; just as in French "tort," from "torqueo," is that which is twisted; "guilt" of "to guile" or "beguile;" to find "guilt" in a man is to find that he has been "beguiled," that is by the devil, "instigante diabolo," as it is inserted in all indictments for murder, the forms of which come down to us from a time when men were not ashamed of tracing evil to his inspiration. The "brunt" of the battle is the "heat" of the battle, where it "burns" the most fiercely. "Haft," as of a knife, is properly only the participle perfect of "to have," that whereby you "have" or hold it. Or take two or three nouns adjective; "strong" is the participle past of "to string;" a "strong" man means no more than one whose sinews are firmly "strung." The "left" hand, as distinguished from the right, is the hand which we "leave;" inasmuch as for twenty times we use the right hand, we do not once employ *it*; and it obtains its name from being "left" unused so often. "Odd" is, I believe, properly "owed;" an "odd" glove, or an "odd" shoe is one that is "owed" to another, or to which another is "owed," for the making of a pair—just as we speak of a man being "singular," wanting, that is, his match.—"Wild" is the participle past of "to will;" a "wild" horse is a "willed" or self-willed horse, one that has been never tamed or taught to submit its will to the will of another, and so with a man.

* The same attempt to introduce phonetic spelling, or "phonography" as it is there called, has been several times made, once in the sixteenth century, and again some twenty years ago, in France. Let us see by one or two examples what would be the results there. Here is the word "temps;" from which the phonographists omit the p as superfluous. What is the consequence? at once its visible connection with the Latin "tempus," with the Spanish "tiempo," with the Italian "tempo," with its own "temporal" and "temporaire," is broken, and for many effaced. Or again, here are "poids" a weight, "poix" pitch, "pois" peas. I do not suppose the Frenchman who spoke his own language the best, could mark in pronunciation the distinction between these; and thus to the ear there may be confusion between them, but to the eye there is none; not to say that the d in "poids" puts it for us at once in relation with "pondus," the x in "poix" with "pix," the s in "pois" with the low Latin "pisum." In each case the letter which these improvers of orthography would dismiss as useless and worse than useless, contains the secret of the word.

The Power of the Pence.—The following anecdote, related in a lecture, strikingly illustrates the power which lies in the hand of the working-men, to promote their own social comfort and independence:

A Manchester calico-printer was on his wedding-day, persuaded by his wife to allow her two half-pints of ale a day as her share. He rather winced under the bargain; for, though a drinker himself, he would have preferred a perfectly sober wife. They both worked hard, and he, poor man, was seldom out of the public house as soon as the factory closed. The wife and husband saw little of each other except at breakfast; but as she kept things tidy about her, and made her stinted and even selfish allowance for housekeeping meet the demands upon her, he never complained. She had her daily pint, and he, perhaps, had his two or three quarts; and neither interfered with the other, except at odd times she succeeded, by dint of one little gentle artifice or another, to win him home an hour or two earlier at night, and now and then to spend an entire evening in his own house. But these were rare occasions.

They had been married a year; and, on the morning of their wedding anniversary, the husband looked askance at her neat and comely person with some shade of remorse, as he observed—"Mary, we'n had no holiday sin'e we were wed; and only that I haven't a penny i' th' world, we'd take a jaunt to th' village to see the mother?" "Wouldst like to go, John?" asked she softly, between a smile and a tear, to hear him speak kindly as in old times. "If thee'd like to go, John, I'll stand treat." "Thou stand treat!" said he, with half a sneer; "hast got a fortin', wench?" "Nay," said she, "but I'n gotten the pint o' ale." "Gotten what?" said he. "The pint o' ale," was the reply. John still didn't understand her, till the faithful creature reached down an old stocking, from under a loose brick up the chimney, and counting out her daily pint of ale in the shape of 365 threepences (*i. e.* £4 11s. 3d.) and put it into his hand, exclaiming, "Thee shall have the holiday, John." John was ashamed, astonished, conscience-smitten, charmed. He wouldn't touch it. "Hasn't thee had thy share? then I'll ha' no more," he said. They kept their wedding-day with the old dame; and the wife's little capital was the nucleus of a series of investments that ultimately swelled into shop, factory, warehouse, country-seat and carriage.

The Unknown Heroes.—Our countrymen pass through Southern Europe, and casually survey the apathy which broods over human existence, the abject misery of the lower orders, and the frivolous dissipation of the higher, and turn away from the spectacle in disgust. But if they could enter the apartments of some of the true spirits scattered through those densely populated cities, they would frequently pause in admiration of the scene. They would find minds living, as it were, in the very atmosphere of heroism, holding constant communion with the good and great of past ages, and cherishing in solitude purposes worthy of the most eminent of our race. We have known young men in Italy subsisting upon the scantiest of incomes, rather than live upon the wages of despotism, withdrawing from the gayest of society rather than countenance the levity of a court, feeding their aspirations at the fountain of hallowed literature and elevating companionship, and thus atoning for their untoward lot by a quiet bravery, more impressive than the most gallant achievements.

☞ A land sail boat has been constructed at Southport, which can run along the beach at the rate of 15 miles the hour.

THE BOY AND THE PANTHER.

A WESTERN SCENE.

"Oh how the mother loves the child she nursed."

It was a fine morning in August, when little Samuel Eaton was about seven years old, that he was making a dam in the brook that ran before his father's door. He was an only and beautiful child, and his mother almost idolized him. There he was, with his trowsers tucked above his knees, working like a beaver, his mother's eye glancing out from beneath his sunburnt hair, and with some of his father's strength, tugging at a large stone in the bed of the stream.

"Sammy, you'd better come in, hadn't you," said Hannah, in a tone of half mother and half mate.

"No-o-o, I guess not," said Samuel.

An acorn came floating down the water. The boy took it up—looked at it—was pleased, and "reckoned" in his mind, there were more up the "gully," and when his mother's back was turned, off he started for the acorns.

The gorge of the mountain into which he was about to enter, had been formed (the work of centuries) by the attrition of the stream he had just been playing—and walking on the level that bordered each side of the water, he boldly entered the ravine. An almost perpendicular wall or bank ascended on each side, to the height of one hundred feet, composed of crags and rocks, fretted by decay and storm into fantastic shape and position. About one eighth of a mile from the entrance, a cataract closed the gorge, throwing up its white veil of mist in seeming guardianship of the spirit-waters. The verdant boughs hanging over the bank, cast a deep gloom over the bed below, while so lofty was the distance, they seemed to grow out of the sky, blue patches of which were to be seen peeping between them.

Hannah Eaton soon missed her boy, but as he had often wandered to the field, where his father was at work, she concluded he must be there, and checked her coming fears with the hope that he would return at the hour of dinner. When he came, neither Josiah nor any of his men knew where he was. Then the agitated mother exclaimed—

"He is lost! he is lost! and my poor boy will starve in the woods!" Gathering courage, she hastily summoned the family around her, and despatched them, all but her husband, in different directions in the neighboring forest. To him she said, "scour every field you call your own, and if you can't find him, join me in the gorge!"

"He wouldn't go to the gorge, Hannah."

"He would go anywhere."

She knew not why, but the presentiment that the boy had followed the course of the stream dwelt strongly on her mind.

"I can't find him, Hannah," said the husband, as he rejoined her at the mouth of the gorge.

An eagle flew past the mother as she entered the ravine. She thought that the dreadful birds were tearing her child to pieces—and, frantic, she hastened on, making the walls of the cavern echo back with the screams for her offspring. Her only answer was the eternal thunders of the cataract, as if in mockery of her woe, and flinging its cold spray upon her hot and throbbing temple. "Fool that I am, how can he hear me!" She strained her eyes along the dizzy height that peered through the mist till she could no longer see, and her eyes filled with tears.

Who but a mother can tell the feelings of a mother's heart? Fear comes thick and fast upon the reeling brain of Hannah. "Oh, my boy—my brave boy will die," and wringing her hands in agony, she sank at her husband's feet.

The pain of "hope deferred" had strained her heart-strings to the severest tension, and it seemed as if the rude hand of despair had broken them all.

The terrified husband threw water upon her pale face, and strove by all the arts he knew to win her back to life. At last she opened her languid eyes, stared wildly around, and rose trembling to her feet. As she stood like a heart-broken Niobe, "all tears," a fragment of rock came tumbling down the opposite bank. She looked up. She was herself again. Half way up the ascent stood her own dear boy.

But even while the glad cry was issuing from her lips, it turned into a note of horror—"Oh, mercy—mercy!"

The crag upon which the boy stood projected from the solid rock in such a manner as to hang about twelve feet over the bank. Right below one of the edges of the crag, partly concealed among some bushes, crouched a panther.

The bold youth was aware of the proximity of his parents, and the presence of his dangerous enemy at the same time. He had rolled off the high station he had gained, and he now stood with another in his hand, drawing it back and looking at them as if to ask whether he should throw it at the terrible animal before him. Till then the mother seemed immovable in her suspense, but conscious of the danger of her son, if he irritated the beast, she rushed some distance up the rock and motioned with her head and hand that he should not throw.—Yet with the fearless mind of childhood, and a temper little used to control, he fearlessly threw the fragment with all his might at the ferocious savage. It struck one of his feet. He gave a sudden growl, lashed his tail with fury, and seemed about to spring.

"Get your rifle, Josiah!" The poor man stirred not. His eye was fixed with a look of death upon the panther, and he appeared paralyzed with fear. His wife leaned from her stand, and placing her hand upon her husband's shoulder, looked in his face and cried: "Are you a man, Josiah Eaton? Do you love your child?" He started as if from sleep, and ran with a furious haste from the ravine.

Again the mother looked towards her son; he had fallen upon his knees, and was whispering the little prayers she had taught him, not in cowardly fear, but a thought came across his mind that he must die. The distracted mother could not keep still any longer; she rushed up a steep ascent with the energy of despair, reckless of danger, thinking only of her son.—The rocks crumbled and slipped beneath her feet, yet she fell not. On she struggled in her agony.

The ferocious creature paused a moment when he heard the mother's approach. True to his nature, he sprang at the boy. He barely touched the crag, and fell backward as Hannah ascended the opposite side.

"Ah!" said she, laughing deliriously, "the panther must try it again, before he can part us, my boy,—but we won't part," as, sinking on her knees before him, she fondly folded him to her breast, bathing his forehead with her tears.

Unalterable in his ferocity, and the manner of gratifying it, the panther again sprang from his situation. This time he was more successful. His forehead struck the edge of the crag. "He will kill us, mother! he will kill us!" and the boy nestled close to his mother's bosom.—The animal struggled to bring his body to the crag,—his savage features but a step from the mother's face. "Go away! go away!" shrieked the mother, "you shan't have my child!" Closer—still closer he came—his red eyes flashing fury, and the thick panting of his breath came in her face. At this awful moment, she hears the faint report of fire-arms from the gulf below—the panther's foothold fails, his sharp claws loosen from the rocks, and the baffled beast rolled down the precipice at the feet of Josiah Eaton.

The sun's last ray gleamed on the little group at the mouth of the gorge. They were on their knees—the mother's bleeding hands over the head of her son—and the voice of prayer going to the Guardian for His mercy in thwarting the panther's leap.

Boyhood of Captain Cook.—The discoveries of the English circumnavigator were owing to a particularly marked shilling. Young Cook was a native of Yorkshire, and served as apprentice to a merchant and shopkeeper, in a large fishing town in that county. Some money had been missed from the till, and, to detect the delinquent, a very curiously marked shilling was mixed with the silver, which was accurately counted. On examining the till shortly after, this peculiar shilling was missing, and Cook was taxed with having taken it out; this he instantly acknowledged, stating that its peculiarity had caught his eye, but affirmed, at the same time, that he had put another of his own in its place. The money was accordingly counted over again, and found to agree exactly with his statement. Although the family was highly respectable, and therefore capable of advancing him in his future prospects, and also much attached to him, and very kind, yet the high spirit of the boy could not brook remaining in a situation where he had been suspected; he therefore ran away, and, having no other resource, entered as a cabin boy in a collier.

Significant Fact.—Herbert Spencer, in his "Social Statics," mentions it as a fact significant of the times, and prophetic of the future, that Englishmen begin to listen to the national anthem, "God Save the Queen," without taking off their hats!! Ten years ago, whenever and wherever that song was sung in England, the entire company would rise, and remain standing and uncovered, till the last note died away.

Wit and Humor.

"STRANGER, HAS IT LIT?"

We have often thought that to a person who saw a train of cars in motion for the first time, the sight must be most miraculous and astounding. As Jack Downing once said, "'twas so queer to see a hull lot of wagons chuck full of people and things agoin' off at that are speed, and no hoss to draw 'em." A genius of the sort referred to, lately made his experimental trip. He was a green horn, a genuine backwoodsman, who feared nothing in the shape of man or beast, but anything that he could not understand puzzled him even more than it did perhaps, the ordinary run of his fellows. Well, he came to Cartersville, a short time since, for the purpose of taking his first railroad trip.

He'd heern tell on 'em, but didn't believe, he said, half the nonsense folks said about 'em. When the cars arrived at the place, our hero was there patiently waiting, and much excited and elated in anticipating his intended ride. As the cars approached, he stood gazing with wonder and awe, at the engine, puffing and smoking. Following the example of the others, as soon as the cars stopped he hurried aboard, with his saddle-bags on his arms, and seated himself near a window. Then looking around at the passengers, manifestly much surprised, he put his head out of the window to see the "critter start," while in this position, watching with much anxiety, the whistle sounded. Our hero, much surprised and evidently a little alarmed, drew back his head with a motion that might be called a jerk, and turning to a gentleman sitting near him said:

"Well, stranger, did you ever hear *such* a snort as that?"

"The engine?" suggested the other.

"Well, I don't know what it is, but—hollo how she goes!"

"Guess you are not acquainted with railroad travelling?"

"Hang it, no! haint they runaway? Creation, how it jerks!"

"It's all safe enough, you may rely, the cars are starting."

"That's all; well, stranger, I ain't afeard, you know, but kinder surprised like, that's all," said the mountain boy, half ashamed. "I, golly! stranger, did you hear that are snort, it beats dad's jackass, and he's a roarer no mistake. Whew, how it does puff, somethin' bustin', I'm sure."

"Oh, fudge, it's all right," said the other, settling himself for a nap.

"I swow! I don't see how you can sleep, darned ef I do!"

"Nothing like getting used to it," said the other. "You've heard of the eels that had been skinned so many times they rather liked it, and used to come ashore every few days to get their hide taken off, haven't you?"

"Your gassin', stranger."

The bell rang, the engine moved off, away went the cars at rapid speed, and before our hero had recovered from the shock which the "snort" produced, the cars were moving slowly over Etowah Bridge. Discovering a change in its gait, he popped his head out of the window again, "to see how it moved," saw that he was some distance from the earth, and supposing the "critter" was flying, swooned, and fell from his seat speechless. Several gentlemen sitting near, caught hold of him, raised him up, shook him and rubbed him until he revived a little.

"This man's crazy," suggested some of the bystanders, sagely.

"No, he's not," answered he, who had before spoken, "he's frightened."

"Frightened?"

"Yes, scared half to death."

"About what?"

"The cars; he never was in a train before; he told me so."

A hearty laugh ran through those about the half fainting man, which had the effect to arouse him to consciousness, or at least to partially do so, for his breath began to come and go, more regularly, and at last he opened his eyes, as large as saucers, and seeing several of the gentlemen who had just come to his assistance about him, he looked up most beseechingly in the face of one of them, and said—

"*Stranger, has it lit?*"—*Flag of Our Union.*

AFFECTING.

'Twas on the moonlit sidewalk,
'Neath the ailanthus tree,
That she leaned against my waistcoat,
And whispered—"Marry me!"
Oh, that agonizing moment,
Her lips with nectar laden,
I think I taste them yet.

Just as this little Eden
Approached reality;
A gruff voice uttered sternly—
"What is all this I see?"
And then I felt a pegged boot
Applied with might and main;
I fell upon that sidewalk,
And off went Mary Jane!

Gleanings from the Knickerbocker.—"'Elder Root,' as he was always called, was rather a sour old deacon of the 'straitest sect;' and hence he was not over-much beloved by the young folk of the parish. One Sunday morning he saw a lad pulling something up in the corner of a garden by the road-side. 'What are you doing there, at work in the garden on a Sunday morning,' growled the deacon. 'I was only pulling up this nasty p'izon *Elder Root!*' was the prompt reply. Elder Root passed on, musing; and that very day at church, the boy was called out by name, and reproved before the whole congregation for burglariously cutting into a neighboring pew with a sharp 'Barlow-knife.'

"In a little village 'Down East,' there once resided a fellow who was rather deficient in intellect, and whose sayings had furnished more fun than a little to his fellow townsmen and acquaintances. A few years since his father, with whom he had always lived, went the way of all 'good folk,' and some wicked ones, too; and as he had been a man of some consequence in the community, his funeral was numerously attended. This was a source of great gratification to our hero, who drew one of his neighbors a little on one side, and gazing with much pride at the extended procession, exclaimed, 'Don't we *string out well*, Mr. P——?'"

The following is told in such a candid manner, it is impossible to doubt its truth:—

"This story is related of a lawyer who has since attained eminence in his profession. A case in which he was engaged as counsel for the defendant came up on a certain day. As he was insufficiently prepared, he was very anxious to have the case postponed for a few days, that he might have farther time for this purpose. Unfortunately there was a great press of business, and he knew that this motion would be overruled unless some extraordinary reason was alleged. Under these circumstances, he bethought himself of an expedient. Rising with his handkerchief to his face, he addressed the Judge in accents of great apparent emotion—'May it please your honor, I have just been informed that my mother is at the point of death. My emotions are too great for me to proceed in this case. I move that it be postponed until day after to-morrow.' This request would of course have been granted by the Court, whose sympathies were strongly excited in his behalf—but at this moment, to the discomfiture of the lawyer and the amusement of the audience, the shrill voice of his mother was heard issuing from the gallery—'Ichabod! Ichabod! how often have I whipped you for lying!' The case wasn't postponed, nor was it gained by the afflicted counsel."

A correspondent sends the following among other items:—

"The young gentleman first named in this note was once desired by a serious correspondent to 'state at length his views of the causes which led to the decay and downfall of the Roman Empire.' In reply to this formidable request, he wrote, that after mature reflection and extensive reading, he concluded that the cause of the ruin of that gigantic empire was that '*its bottom fell out.*' Rather a new view of the subject, it seemed to me."

Consequences of Bad Writing.—The lawyer editor of a country Whig paper, who wrote a very "blind" hand, was frequently annoyed by his compositors' inquiries concerning words which they could not decipher. One day, a compositor, who was as little acquainted with the disposition of the editor as he was with his hand-writing, entered the sanctum, and holding the copy before his eyes, inquired what a certain crooked mark stood for. The editor, just at that moment, did not wish to be interrupted, and exclaimed,

"Go to the devil!"

The compositor retired, not to his Satanic Majesty, but the printing office—and when the editor read the proofs, he had the pleasure of seeing a line in his leading editorial read:

"He (Mr. Webster) will, in all probability, *go to the devil.*"

Exercise.—Mr. Careful having been told by his physician, that he must take gentle exercise, replied that he had, for some time back, practised cutting his toe nails twice a week!

A Gods Collector.—Some men have a peculiar facility for collecting debts, which certainly requires talent of no small amount. One rule should always be observed:

"Never let your angry passions rise,"

but be always cool, calm and polite, since debtors are ever anxious to have a cause for quarrel, which may serve as a pretext for non-payment. A clerk in this city well understood the secret of getting money out of "hard customers." Some years since, an old gentleman, very wealthy, but penurious to an extraordinary degree, resided here, who had justly obtained the reputation of never paying his small debts. He had purchased a bag of Mocha coffee, where the clerk (Frank, we will call him,) was employed, and nearly a year had elapsed without the bill being settled. He had been "dunned" twenty times at least, and his invariable answer was

"I will come around to the store and settle this small account."

Something of a spirit of rivalry had arisen among the clerks as to who should collect the bill, but all at last gave it up. Frank told them he could get the money, and bet half-a-dozen champagne upon his success; his wager was accepted.

Frank called upon the gentleman, and met with a polite reception, and the usual answer, with the addition:

"You need not trouble yourself, young man, about the matter; I will make it all right."

"Oh, no," replied Frank, "I could not think for a moment of compelling you to call at the store for a few dollars. It will not be the slightest inconvenience for me to stop in, as I pass your place of business six times a day, to and from my meals, and *I can call every time I go by.*"

"Here," said the old fellow, to the book-keeper, (alarmed at the prospect of being dunned six times a day for the next six months,) "pay this d—d rascal. He can beat me in politeness, and if he wants a situation, I will give him two thousand dollars a year."

The offer was declined, but the wine was drunk.—*Cin. Com.*

Wisdom of Town Ladies.—"Pa, why don't you buy a hen, so we could have all the eggs we want?"

"My dear, the hen would not lay all the eggs we want."

"Why, yes, it would, pa; we only use a dozen eggs a day, and a good hen would certainly lay that many."

Miscellaneous.

LITERARY FAME.

Literary fame, especially contemporary fame, is a very unsubstantial thing, after all, and often rests upon very unsubstantial causes. Talents and genius do not always secure to their possessor the consideration which is their due. Even the fame enjoyed by men of undoubted genius is often attributable less to their intellectual superiority than to other and accidental causes. It would be interesting to go over the list of popular poets and analyze the elements of their fame. We should find, in the words of a recent English writer—

"There's many a fame that the wearer but owes
To the personal writings the critic he knows,
And many a name that is built through pique,
Through not being quite a seer or a clique.
To instance the first, look with a false height
Consumption and Southey prop up a Kirke White,
See how churchmen prefer what is clumsy or feeble,
And puff into poets Montgomery and Keble:
How Scotchmen, who hold's [illegible] to read
A couplet that's not written [illegible] of the Tweed,
Have found, and will stick to the faith until doom,
A Milton in Pollock, because he has gloom."

How much of the notoriety Byron has gained is owing to his being Lord, to a licentious life, and his domestic troubles! Undoubtedly these causes have diverted attention from the real merits of his poetry, as well as from its defects. Moore had great popularity in his day, but unquestionably much of it was caused by his obsequious flattery of the aristocracy. He early learned to discard the liberal sentiments of his youth, and to look up to a live lord as something more than common mortal. His poetry lacks back-bone. It is all sweetness and splendor, dazzling with theatrical tinsel, rather than rousing the energies of men to great thoughts and mighty deeds—the true mission of the poet. For our part, in the words of the critic just quoted:—

"——we would rather—if have one we must—
[illegible] dust,
Than hear an eternal infliction of blisses,
An awful existence of nothing but kisses."

On the whole, we think the following verdict on Moore is very near the truth:—

"Yes, monarchs have flattered and courts have attracted him,
Stars and garters, and dukes and princesses, have noted him,
And what caught their fancies?—pray, what are your guesses?
Why, mark me, he wrote most of stars and princesses!
He never disgusts a taste aristocratic,
With interest even for a pain in an attic;
His heroes drink wine out of great golden chalices,
Have each fifty peacocks and five hundred palaces,
And as to the jewels he gives 'em, believe 'em!
Why rubies and brilliants! we cannot conceive 'em!
We're bewildered with splendors in number so puzzling,
With houris in nothing, and sultans in muslin,
Till spite of Golcondas and eyes of Cashmere,
We long for something more shut and near,
Such passions as hurry the beat of your heart on
In an Admiral's Daughter,—Jane Eyre,—Mary Barton,
With sorrows that never drew tears, we would part
For a grief that, though low, could come home to the heart."

It is but fair to admit, however, that Moore had a stinging satire, which he sometimes directed against the objects well worthy of it:—

"Lilliputian his arrows may be, but too small
Though they may be to slaughter, they're mighty to gall."

Wordsworth's reception was quite different from that of Moore. Some doubted if he could be called a poet. He has lived down that doubt, but it is not without interest that we turn to the judgment of his contemporaries. The following acrostic was written at the time of the appearance of his earlier poems:—

RECEIPT FOR A POEM.

"Weigh out three pounds of moonlight beams;
Of twinkling stars and mountain streams,
Rivers and lakes, and waterfall,
Don't spare, but give a quantum suff,
Stir in an old man's hoary [illegible]
With gray eyes turned, by weeping, red,
One ounce of spirit of donkey's bray,
Rectified sans empyrean [illegible]
This mixture sold with Wordsworth's name,
Has given rise to all his fame."

Though the popularity of some writers may be affected by accidental contemporary causes, there is another class whose claim to our admiration and our love is never disputed. They knock at our hearts, and they are opened unto them. They deal with the affections, with the joys and sorrows of humanity, and neither poverty nor pomp can obscure the sunshine of their genius, which bathes in a mellow and genial light everything upon which it falls. Goldsmith and Lamb are of this class, and we cannot better conclude these rambling thoughts than by quoting the following clever and truthful characterization of the gentle Elia.

"Charles Lamb, better known by his alias Elia,
A shade sad and gentle as that of Ophelia,
Whose spirits' soft sunshine so gleamingly played,
O'er the gloom of his sorrows, you saw not the shade.
In all that he wrote, grief and joy took a part;
Men seeing but nature, mistook it for art.
'Tis an April sweetness his writings endears,
A rainbow-like charm, sprung of gladness and tears,
Where the darkest of shadows are tender with light,
And the gloom does but render the darkness more bright.
A Yorick, to set the whole room in a roar—
A Sterne, to draw tears where he drew laughs before—
A Howard, in pity for guilt and for pain—
The gentlest of nature's more gentle again;
As free as the creature that never has blame,
In short, a new Goldsmith in all but the name."

Portland Transcript.

The Modern Languages.—Mr. Walsh, a very competent judge, in one of his letters, says:—"The Spanish and English are the only modern languages I would read, if at full liberty to choose. There are Spanish books that form, for me, a richer literary repast than any other—Shakspeare's works excepted. It is an old remark, that the trouble, whatever it might be, of acquiring the tongue of Don Quixote was amply compensated by the perusal of his life and doings in the original. We might affirm the same of the History of the Conquest of Mexico, by Don Antonio de Solis. All the praise which Mr. Ticknor accords to the style of that author is yet insufficient. To be duly sensible of the superiority of the Spanish language, read the Chevalier d'Azara's translation of Middleton's Life of Cicero."

☞ Why is good advice like a sickle? Because it goes against the grain.

DON'T SAY ONE THING AND MEAN ANOTHER.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

The little lane—the greenwood lane—
Where Mary dwelt was gay with singing;
For brook and bird in many a strain
Down vale and moor, their notes were flinging
But Mary's heart was deaf to song,
No longer she her tears could smother;
For she had learnt—at last—'twas wrong
To say one thing, and mean another!

'Tis right—'tis due, when hearts are true,
To show that heart without deceiving,
And not to speak, in idle freak,
To try if one's the *power* of grieving!
In Mary's heart, and Mary's mind,
She loved one youth—and loved no other,
But Mary's tongue was oft inclin'd
To say one thing, and mean another!

Would all might see how sweet 'twould be
If truth alone their words directed;
How many a day might then be gay,
That passeth now in tears, dejected.
Would all might learn, and all discern,
That truth keeps longest, friend or brother;—
Then make be kind and speak your mind,
Nor say one thing, and mean another!

DEPORTMENT AT CHURCH.

FROM "HERVEY'S PRINCIPLES OF COURTESY."

Both due regard for order, and courteous feelings, bid us be attentive to our conduct in the house of God. If these be in us, and abound, they will lead us to observe most of the following usages:

When you approach the doors of a church refrain from conversation, and uncover the head as soon as you enter the aisle, advancing with a quiet and moderate step. On the one hand, avoid walking as though you were in a funeral procession; and on the other, as though you were walking for a wager. You should not go to your pew during any exercise of devotion. Some do not scruple to hurry along the aisle while the congregation is engaged in prayer, or to march to the time of sacred song, disturbing its harmonies with their noisy feet. Always take the shortest way to your pew, unless this requires you to walk the entire length of the middle aisle, when it is proper to take a side aisle, though you should thereby be compelled to go farther in reaching your pew. If you are accompanying a lady *to* church, permit her to go before, and open doors; if accompanying her *out*, go before and open doors. If the lady is your *superior*, both in coming in and going out you open the door of the house and that of the pew, allowing her to go before you, and following at her left hand. In opening a door for her, avoid, if possible, passing between her and it, and turning your back toward her. Observe the same rule with a gentleman who is your superior. This rule is especially observed by servants, and, on occasions of ceremony, by others.

It is proper for you, as well as the sexton, to offer your arm to any aged or infirm lady of your acquaintance who may be entering the church unattended, and to accompany her to her pew.

If you are under the disagreeable necessity of passing a person who is sitting or standing in a slip, present to him neither your back nor your breast, but your side; the narrowness of the passage is scarcely an apology for a violation of this dictate of propriety. If a gentleman is seated in a slip, he should arise, open the door, and pass out, when a lady presents herself for admission, which she ought to do by simply touching the top of the door, without an effort to open it, or exhibiting any uneasiness; for this would sometimes be interpreted as a rebuke for the tardiness of the occupant, who would perhaps at such a hint, stumble out to relieve her impatience, or resentfully remain in his seat, and allow the comer to help herself to one.—None but a lame or decrepit gentleman should suffer a lady to open the door of a slip and seat herself in it, or to crowd past him to the other end of the seat.

Make as little noise as possible in opening and shutting the pew door. Enter and retire from a pew deliberately. Never place your hat in the aisle, if there is room for it in the pew.

Always be seated in your pew before the hour of worship. With a view to this, be dressed an hour or two before the bell rings. Even put on your gloves before going into the street. The want of a few minutes just previous to church-time, occasions blunders and accidents which discompose the mind, and disturb Divine worship.

When you happen to be in your seat some time before service, abstain from bows, shaking hands, congratulating, talking, whispering, or gazing curiously or vacantly round the room, but sit quietly, and occupy your mind with subjects suitable to the place. A silent ejaculation should be offered as soon as you take your seat. If you are a gentleman, and a lady, or your superior, or a feeble person is standing in a crowded aisle, rise and offer such an one your seat.

When the hour of service arrives, give your entire attention to the introductory part of the worship. Do not accustom yourself to wriggling, or seeking an easy posture, the moment the service begins. If a person in your pew, or in one near you, has no book, offer him one of yours; if it is a lady, the book should be presented open at the proper place. In summer, if a person near you has no fan, offer him yours. Turn over the leaves of your book, and return it to the book-rack without noise. When you assume the various postures the service requires, do it deliberately, without any rustling, starting, or flourishing. If you have gilded and embellished books, do not make a display of them. If you have a pretty hand, or a costly ring on your finger, do not rest your arm along the back of the seat in order to exhibit it. If you carry a cane to church, do not sit kissing it, or passing it along your lips or chin. Canes and umbrellas should be left at a stand near the door. Never open a book, except for reference to a text. Do not pull out your watch during service, as if you were some Doeg, "detained before the Lord." Do not accustom yourself to stare at others, to ogle, or to look behind you. Significant glances of the eye ought not to be exchanged in a congregation, or in any public place, neither those signs of free-masonry and odd-fellowship by which intimates convey to each other their ideas.

Never yawn in church: if this accident befalls you, conceal it, else everybody will follow your example. When you are going to sneeze, press your handkerchief into the inner corners of your eyes, or upon the upper lip; either is a preventive.

After blowing your nose, do not look into your handkerchief as if you were looking into a casket of pearls or rubies. Do not imitate the dandy, who fumbles gracefully about his pocket for his handkerchief which obtrudes from it, and after flaunting it, applies it to his dry nose; sacred herald, silence, and all ye creatures that have ears, hear

"The loud dome re-echo to his nose."

To chew tobacco in church is profanation; to show any signs of the practice to the worshippers, is persecution. Under the Christian dispensation, beasts that chew the cud are not held to be ceremonially clean.

Do not show uneasiness and weariness, or change your seat without good reason. If you go out during service, do not rise in an animated part of the sermon, as when the preacher is making the application, or when he is alluding to denominational opinions. You should seize that moment to arise when there is a pause in the sermon, or when the preacher has concluded a part of the subject. Go out coolly and gravely. Ladies should not leave the house in the evening, unattended. Those who have very young children with them ought to sit near the door, so that they may leave the house as soon as they begin to cry.

Never leave the house when you ascertain that your favorite is not to preach. To say nothing of higher motives, an occasional disappointment is the price you ought to be willing to pay for the pleasure of hearing him, and you cannot better show your regard for him, than by listening to his friend. Besides, it is a miserable compliment to pay a stranger, to run out of doors as soon as he appears in the pulpit.

When you see a stranger coming up the aisle, throw open your pew to him. It is also courteous for you to do so when the sexton brings a person to your pew. In churches that attract many strangers, a number of pews should be reserved for them in the most commodious part of the house. If on entering your pew you find a stranger in it, ask him to remain if he betrays any uneasiness; and although your pew should be full without him, seek a seat elsewhere rather than disturb him. To bow him out as some do, is very uncivil and selfish. "Have you not mistaken the pew, sir?" blandly said a Sunday exquisite, as with emphatic gracefulness he opened the door. "I beg your pardon, sir," replied the undaunted stranger, rising to go out, "I fear I have; I took it for a Christian's."—The stranger should thank you for the favor of a seat; and you, in return, should invite him to sit with you whenever he comes to your place of worship.

Unless conscience or expediency forbid, you should conform to the ceremonies of the congregation in which you are worshipping; standing when they stand; bowing when they bow; and kneeling when they kneel.

A Point of Space.—The diameter of the earth's orbit is, as it were, the pocket-rule of the astronomer, with which he measures distances, which the mind can no more grasp than infinity. This star-measurer is one hundred and ninety millions of miles in length. This the astronomer lays down on the floor of Heaven, and drawing lines from its extremity to the nearest fixed star, or centuri, he finds the angle thus subtended by this base line to be not quite one second. By the simple rule of three he then arrives at the fact that the nearest fixed star is 21,000,000,000,000.

From another simple calculation it follows, that in the space around our solar system devoid of stars, there is room enough in one dimension, or in one straight line, for 12,000 solar systems; in two dimensions, or in one plane, there is room enough for 130,000,000 of solar systems; and in actual siderial space of three dimensions, there is room for 1,500,000,000,000 of solar systems, the size of our own.

Nay, good farmer, do not look so unbelievingly. Your boy need not graduate from the District School to prove all this. One-and-a-half million millions of solar systems, as large as ours, might be set in the space which divides between it and its nearest neighbor. And if we might assume the aggregate population of our solar system to be 20,000,000,000, there would be room enough for thirty thousand trillions of human beings to live, love and labor in the worlds that might be planted in this same starless void.

Nay, good man of the tow-frock, hold on a moment longer. Our sun is but a dull, hazy speck of light in the great milky way; and Dr. Herschel says he discovered fifty thousand just such suns in that highway of worlds, in a space apparently a yard in breadth and six in length. Think of that a moment! and then that no two of them are, in all probability, nearer each other than twenty billions of miles; and then that the starless space between their solar systems might contain 1,500,000,000,000 similar systems! Multiply these spaces and these systems by a hundred millions, and you will have numbered the worlds that a powerful glass will open to your view, from one point of space.

Again, multiply these systems by twenty thousand millions, and you will have three billion trillions of human beings, who might dwell in peace and unity in that point of space which Herschel's glass would disclose to your vision.

And you ask despairingly, what is man? We will tell you what he is in one aspect; the Creator of all these worlds is his God.

☞ How to Get an Umbrella.—There is no need of stealing an umbrella—they can be got without. Take your stand in a doorway on a rainy morning. When you see a man coming along with a nice silk article, step out and say to him—"Sir, I beg your pardon,—you have my umbrella." In nine cases out of ten he will instantly surrender it. How does he know it was not you he stole it from?

For the Young.

ABSORPTION.

Q. What is the difference between *conducting* heat, and *absorbing* heat?

A. To *conduct* heat is to *transmit it* from one body to another through a *conducting* medium. To *absorb* heat is to *suck it up*, as a sponge sucks up water.

Q. Give me an example?

A. *Black cloth absorbs*, but does not *conduct heat*; thus, if black cloth be laid in the sun, it will *absorb the rays* very rapidly; but if *one end* of the black cloth be made hot, it would not *conduct the heat* to the *other* end.

Q. Are *good conductors* of heat *good absorbers* also?

A. No; every *good conductor* of heat is a *bad absorber* of it; and *no good absorber* of heat can be a *good conductor* also.

Q. Is *iron* a *good absorber* of heat?

A. No; *iron* is a *good conductor*, but a very *bad absorber* of heat.

Q. Why do the *fire-irons* (which lie upon a *fender*,) remain *cold*, although they are before a good fire?

A. Because they are *bad absorbers* of heat; in consequence of which, they remain *cold*, unless they come in *contact* with the stove or fire.

Q. If a piece of *brown paper* be submitted to the action of a *burning-glass*, it will catch fire much sooner than a piece of *white paper would*; explain the reason?

A. Because *white* paper *reflects* the rays of the sun, or throws them back; in consequence of which, it renders more luminous, but is not so much heated as dark brown paper, which *absorbs* the rays, and readily becomes heated to ignition.

Besides, brown paper is of a looser and more combustible fabric than white paper.

Q. Why is the *temperature of islands* more *equable* than that of *continents*?

A. Because the *water* around the island *absorbs* the extreme heat of Summer; and *gives out heat* to mitigate the extreme cold of Winter.

Q. *Islands* are *warmer* in Winter than continents. Explain the reason of this?

A. Unless the *sea be frozen* (which is rarely the case), it is warmer than the frozen land; and the warmth of the sea-air helps to mitigate the intense cold of the land-air.

Q. How does the ceaseless *change* of air tend to *decrease* the *warmth* of a naked body?

A. Thus:—the air (which encases the body,) absorbs as much heat from it as it can, while it remains in contact; being then blown away, it makes room for a *fresh coat of air*, which absorbs *more* heat.

Q. Does the *air* which encases a naked body, become (by contact) as *warm* as the *body* itself?

A. It would do so, if it remained *motionless*; but, as it remains only a *very short time*, it absorbs as much heat as it can in the time, and passes on.

Q. Why does *fanning* the face in Summer make it *cool*?

A. Because the fan *puts the air in motion*, and makes it pass more *rapidly over the face*; and (as the temperature of the *air is always lower* than that of the human *face*,) each puff of air *carries off some portion of its heat*.

Q. Why do ladies *fan themselves* in hot weather?

A. That *fresh particles of air* may be brought in contact with their faces by the action of the fan; and as every fresh particle of air *absorbs some heat* from the skin, this constant *change* makes them *cool*.

Q. Does a fan *cool* the *air*?

A. No; it makes the air *hotter* by imparting to it the heat *out of our face*; but it cools our *face* by transferring its heat to the *air*.

Q. Does *fanning* make the *air* itself *cooler*?

A. No; fanning makes the *air hotter and hotter*.

Q. How does *fanning* the face increase the *heat* of the air?

A. By driving the air more rapidly over the human body, and causing it, consequently, to *absorb more heat*.

Q. If fanning makes the *air hotter*, why can it make a *person* feel *cooler*?

A. Because it takes the heat *out of the face*, and gives it to the *air*.—*From "Familiar Science," edited by R. E. Peterson.*

For Housekeepers.

Indian Pound Cake.—Three-quarters of a pound of sugar, nine ounces of Indian meal, a quarter of a pound of wheat flour, half a pound of butter, one nutmeg (grated), one teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, eight eggs, four tablespoonsful of brandy. Mix the wheat and Indian meal together. Stir the butter and sugar to a cream; beat the eggs light and add to it, then the flour; add the spices and liquor; beat it well. Line your pan with paper, well buttered, and pour in the mixture, or bake it in an earthen mould, in a moderate oven. Rose-water may be substituted for the brandy.

Loaf Cake.—Four cups of flour, four cups of sugar, two cups of butter, six eggs, three tablespoonsful of brandy, two tablespoonsful of rose-water, one grated nutmeg, one teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, one cup of milk, one tablespoonful of *dissolved* saleratus. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, whisk the eggs very thick, and stir them into the butter and sugar, add the flour, and beat the whole very hard. Add the milk, spice, and liquor. Butter an earthen cake-mould or iron pan, pour in the mixture, and bake about two hours, in a moderate oven. This is a plain cake, and is very good for a lunch. Instead of the brandy, grated lemon-peel may be added.

Bristol Loaf Cake.—Five ounces of butter, two pounds of flour, half a pound of sugar, one pound of currants, one tablespoonful of powdered cinnamon, one gill of yeast, enough milk to make a thick batter. Mix the flour, leaving out a quarter of a pound, with the butter cut in small pieces, the sugar, cinnamon and fruit; add milk enough to form a thick batter, and lastly, stir in the yeast. Mix it over night, and set it away to rise, in the morning stir in the remainder of the flour and let it rise, when light mould it out very lightly, butter your pan, and bake it in an oven about as hot as for bread.—*National Cook-Book.*

Agricultural.

Pioneer Life in Onondaga.—A correspondent of the New York Tribune relates the following experience of an old settler in Onondaga County:—

Jonathan Rowley, of Camillus, (now Elbridge) Onondaga Co., New York, who is still living, or was two years since, informed me that he purchased a farm of a capitalist in Albany, about fifty years ago, on a credit of six years, at $3 an acre; that in the winter he engaged a farmer who had been down with a load of wheat, to take himself, wife and child back to Elbridge for $7 50, where he worked for their board until spring. He then hired a horse, put his bed, wife and children into it, took his axe, hand-saw and augur in his hands, and started early in the morning for his future home, and cut his way three miles through the wood; felled bass-wood trees, such as he and his wife could handle, built him a shanty, and got it done before 6 o'clock, P. M. He then took his augur, went to the stump of the first tree he felled, bored a hole in the top, took from his pocket the last sixpence he had in the world, dropped it in, made a plug, drove that in the hole, "and that is the last I have ever seen of it," said he.

In answer to my inquiry why he disposed of his last cent in that manner, he replied, "I knew I had to depend on my hands, and I had so little I was determined to begin without a cent. In the spring," he continued, "I and my wife cleared off two acres and planted it to corn. My wife would nurse the child, wrap it up and place it in the crotch of the roots of a large tree, and pile and burn the brush. During harvesting I worked for old Judge Munro for wheat to eat. I carried it to Skaneateles, nine miles, on my back to mill. I carried one and a-half bushels at a time, and it took a day. The second year I used up my corn before my wheat came in, and I went again to the Judge, and agreed to chop one acre for him, and he advanced me a bushel and a-half of corn. I had nothing to eat while doing it but johnny-cake and maple sugar. I took in my pocket some large lumps of rock salt, which I occasionally held in my mouth; that made me drink freely, and assisted in satisfying nature. My two acres of wheat came in good, but my pantaloons were worn out, and I had to part with twenty bushels, at 38 cts. a bushel, to get a new pair. My wife was better clad, and did not need any addition yet. The third year I had three acres of wheat and one of corn. I bought a cow and one hog, and I have never wanted a bushel of grain or a pound of pork since. I also built me a good log cabin the third year. I have raised a large family of boys and girls, and have always a plenty of everything. But it was hard work to pay for my land, as wheat was only worth 31 cts. a bushel. The last payment I made I got 50 cts. a bushel for wheat at my barn."

"But," said I, "Uncle Rowley, how did you enjoy yourself when you were living on corn-cakes and maple sugar?"

He replied by a slap on the shoulder, and said, "I assure you, my young friend, those were the happiest days of my life. We really took comfort then."

Management and Profit of the Milk Cow.—I am pleased to find that others beside myself advocate the milking of the cow up to the time of parturition—even if the milk be found unfit for family use, when it might be fed to the hogs—satisfied, as I am, that the practice will be followed with beneficial results. I once owned a small cow that seemed to turn all she ate into milk, for of a surety but little flesh could ever be found on her bones. She was of the unimproved breed of real Jersey cattle, yet by no means was she like the caricature published in the last volume of the New York Agricultural Transactions, to throw despite on the Jersey cow of twenty years ago, but which it has failed to do, as every one who knew that breed at that time of day will bear me out when I say, no such cow as there depicted in ridicule was ever seen on that island. I consider all caricatures a species of lying,—but I am digressing.

The purport of this is, to recommend to the dairyman the benefits arising from the continued and regular milking of the cow until she calves. I have several times milked a considerable quantity in the evening, and found a fine calf with the cow in her large stall next morning!

Few persons are aware of the difference between the value of a good cow and a *bad* one—one that will go dry for three or four months in the year. It amounts to more than a difference of cent. per cent., for while the good cow gives a profit the bad cow leaves a decided loss, even when the labor of management is not taken into account. Speaking of the worth of a good cow, many, no doubt, have seen an account of the "Cramp Cow" of England, whose milking properties are acknowledged to have been almost unprecedentedly great; but I find in Cobbett, mention made of her that will, I think, be read with interest by all who have the management of that kind of stock. It is there said—

"I had once a cow that made more than two pounds of butter during the week, and had a calf on the Saturday night. Cows ought always to be milked to the very day of their calving, and during the whole time of sucking their calves. In a little publication of Mr. Cramp, printed by the Board of Agriculture, it was stated, and the proof given, that his single cow gave him, clear profit, for several successive years, more than fifty pounds sterling a year, or upwards of two hundred and twenty dollars. This was clear profit; reckoning the food and labor, and taking credit for the calf, the butter, and for the skim milk at a penny a quart only. Mr. Cramp's was a Sussex cow. Mine were of the Alderney breed, little, small-boned things; but two of my cows, fed upon three-quarters of an acre of grass ground, in the middle of my shrubbery, and fastened to pins in the ground, which were shifted twice a day, made three hundred pounds of butter from the 28th of March to the 27th of June."—*Cor. Boston Cultivator.*

Farming in Big Style.—Mr. Mechi, of Tiptree Hall, England, the same gentleman on whose farm McCormick's Reaper accomplished its great triumph, goes into farming in a style altogether surprising to us here. In a letter to the London Times, he says:—

"It may be interesting to some of 'your agricultural readers to know that my irrigation by subterranean iron pipes with hose and jet, worked by steam power,' is completed on 170 acres. It is not necessary here to enter into details; suffice it to say that the cost, independent of steam engine, is £3 15s., ($18 18) per acre, added, as it were, to the fee simple of the estate. The working cost of conveying and applying to each acre 15 tons of liquid manure, or water, equivalent to a heavy rain of five hours' duration, is about 1s. 6d. per acre. The liquid is distributed through a fan like gutta percha spreader, issuing as a broad, thin, glassy sheet, and descending in heavy drops like a thunder shower. I may be thought rather speculative when I anticipate that within a century from this period, the sewerage from our cities and towns will follow our lines of railway in gigantic arterial tubes, from which diverging veins will convey to the eager and distant farmer the very essence of the meat and bread which he produced at so much cost. We shall then no longer commit the folly of wasting our own manures, to replace them, at an enormous cost, by importations of bird's dung from the Pacific."

Here we have an instance of a farmer expending more than $18 on every acre for one single improvement.

How to Prevent Cucumbers from Being Destroyed by the Striped Bug.—I suppose there are very few persons who have raised, or attempted to raise cucumbers, who have not been annoyed by the above named insect. I have often had my entire planting destroyed by them within a few days after the plants appeared above ground—all preventives to the contrary notwithstanding. For a long time I have thought there was no remedy, save in the application of the *thumb screw*. This year, however, I have covered each hill with a box without top or bottom, the sides being eight or ten inches high, leaving two hills uncovered. The result is, the hills exposed are entirely destroyed, while the others have not been injured in the least, and are flourishing finely. This method, doubtless, is known to many, and all who wish to raise cucumbers would find a great saving of vexation by putting it in practice.—*Correspondent Genesee Farmer.*

Mowing Machines.—The mowing machines are making rapid work with the fields of grass on Long Island, and the farmers are exceedingly well satisfied with them. The mowers, in consequence of the demand for laborers, had begun to ask two dollars a day, but those machines make their skill superfluous. It is moved by horses, the driver sitting on the machine; a farmer takes a morning drive in his meadow, and the work is done. The makers are unable to supply the demand for it.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

☞ The difference between English and American ships, is just the difference between English and American women. One is all go-ahead and rakishness; trim, slim, fine figure-head, and clear run; the other, stout, robust, and solid; broad chest, full bows,—does things well, but not speedily, and seems to set a higher value on what is safe than what is speedy.

The Olio.

Temperance and Strength.—Among the Arabs, the Persians, and the Turks, you do not meet with those under-sized, rickety, consumptive beings which are so common in Europe; you do not meet with such pale, wan sickly-looking countenances; their complexions are bright and florid; they are strong and vigorous—able to ride a hundred miles a day, and capable of performing feats which our professed athletæ would not be able to do. I remember seeing a most striking instance of their powers. A band of men from the Himalaya Mountains had come to Calcutta for the purpose of exhibiting feats of strength, and they were, indeed, perfect Samsons. Their size struck me with admiration. I know nothing that I can compare to them; but, perhaps, some of you have seen the statue at the bottom of the stair of Somerset House—it is Hercules leaning on his club, is about seven feet high, looking like a being capable of executing the most difficult task, and such men were the athletæ. We selected five men on board the Glasgow frigate, a similar number from one of the regiments, and like from an Indiaman, all fine, picked men; and yet, upon a trial of strength, it was found that the Himalaya Mountaineers were equal to two-and-three-quarters of the strongest Europeans. They could grasp a man and hold him in the air like a child, and, if they had not been under control, I am convinced they could have crushed him to death. I felt them, and I never felt such flesh in my life—it appeared rolls of muscle, and yet none of these men ever tasted spirits. I do not say that drinking water was the cause of this, but it serves to prove that abstinence from intoxicating drinks is perfectly compatible with the possession of great bodily power.—*Buckingham's Lectures.*

Oregon Timber—How they Cut it.—The trees in Oregon have long been a subject of remark, on account of their immense size. A letter from Oregon mentions the fact that the keel of the steamer Lot Whitcomb, 150 feet long, is made from the length of a tree. One tree on the claim of Judge Strong, Cathlamet, a drawing of which was recently made for a London pictorial newspaper, stood ten feet in diameter at the bottom, and 250 feet high. But trees are found that measure 300 feet as they lay extended on the ground, and near the coast 200 feet in length of saw logs have been taken from a tree on more than one occasion. Fir and spruce run up, spire-like, farthest among the clouds, never throwing out any large lateral branches.

The manner of felling spruce timber is somewhat peculiar. With a large augur, a hole is bored through the green standing tree, or two holes so bored as to meet within the white or sap part of the wood. Then a coal of fire is put into the hole. The draught of air sets it to burning, and in from six to twelve hours, according to the size of the tree, it falls, with little or no more waste of wood than would be used by an axe-man. It is then butted and cut up with a saw. Thus fifteen minutes with an augur does the work of a half or two-thirds of a day with an axe.

Life at Washington.—Commenting upon the wretched fate of a certain member of Congress, the editor of the Richmond Whig very justly remarks:

"Mr. H—— is only one of hundreds who have fallen victims to the exciting and irregular life of politics. There must be something in the Legislative career peculiarly calculated to induce habits of intemperance and dissipation. It is full of excitement—it causes irregular hours; it banishes the wholesome restraints of home; it leads to idleness; and a firm resolution is required to resist the allurements which cards and liquor hold out to the unoccupied votary of pleasure. As a general rule, most of those who spend a few Winters in Congress, if they escape becoming sots, and are not ruined at the gaming-table, acquire habits which render them discontented with and disqualify them for, the dull pursuits of ordinary life. More commonly they become regular topers and inveterate gamesters. It is not a rare occurrence to find pious elders at home the frequent attendants of the tippling shops, gaming-tables, and vile houses of Washington."

Does a Man own Himself.—Herbert Spencer, in his work entitled "Social Statics," refutes Proudhon's celebrated maxim, "Property is robbery," in a highly original and curious manner. "If all property is robbery," says Mr. Spencer, "then, among other consequences, it follows that a man can have no right to things he consumes for food. And if these are not his before eating them, how can they become his at all? As Locke asks, When do they *begin* to be his? when he digests? or when he eats? or when he boils? or when he brings them home? If no previous acts can make them his property, neither can progress of assimilation do it; not even their absorption into the tissues. Wherefore, pursuing the idea, we arrive at the conclusions that, as the whole of his bones, muscles, skin, &c., have been thus built up for nutriment not belonging to him, *a man has no property in his own flesh and blood*—can have no valid title to himself—has no more claim to his own limbs than he has to the limbs of another—and has as good a right to his neighbor's body as his own."

Republican Institutions.—Fashionable hotels are the most democratic institutions we know of. Here people meet, sleep, and eat together upon a scale of dead level, quite curious to consider. We took dinner not long ago at the —— House, and observed a noted gambler *vis a vis* with a famous poet of an adjacent town. Alongside of a distinguished divine sat a noted pickpocket, "while two ladies, of 'no-better-than-they-should-be' notoriety, were elbowing the lovely wife and daughter of a New Hampshire Judge." In our hotels are mingled thief and honest man, orator and convict, virtue and vice, highwaymen and hangmen, legal eminence and eminent loafers, and in short, a perfect chowder of the heads and tails of society.—*N. Y. Paper.*

The Riddler.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 10, 12, 17, 9, 6, 18, was an Athenian General whose name signifies victory.
My 6, 1, 9, 16, was a Spartan King.
My 3, 13, 5, 18, was a Roman Emperor.
My 13, 19, 18, 16, was a King of Sicily, who was assassinated at the instigation of Callipus.
My 14, 8, 5, 6, was a hero of one of Byron's poetical fictions.
My 2, 15, 8, 8, 5, 18, was a King of England.
My 17, 8, 20, 19, was the brother of Cupid.
My 19, 4, 7, 14, was a celebrated patriot of Underwald.
My 1, 19, 11, 11, 13, was a regicide who escaped to America.
My 4, 5, 9, 19, 16, 20, 13, was a celebrated Italian poet of the fifteenth century.
My 17, 6, 9, 18, 6, 5, was a Roman Emperor.
My 15, 6, 19, 19, 4, was an Italian poet.
My 15, 12, 11, 15, 8, was the writer of a celebrated romance.
My whole is the name of an American General.

Greensburg, Ky. C. D. A.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 8 letters.

My 4, 7, 1, 2, 6, 4, is what every one wishes to enjoy.
My 4, 1, 8, is a useful apparel.
My 4, 5, 2, 8, is part of a house.
My 8, 1, 2, 2, is an amusement for boys.
My 3, 2, 1, 8, 7, is used in eating.
My 2, 1, 2, 4, is often seen in fields.
My whole is necessary to the acquisition of the English Language. D. Y. F.

Lafayette, Va.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first propels my second: my second carries my third: my third contains my first, and my whole is carried by my first and second. W. D. I.

Fort William, Mo.

PROBLEM.

An old man had five sons, who came to see him together: in order to refresh them after their journey, he went into his cellar and got a basket of apples: to his eldest son he gave half the apples that he had in the basket, and a half an apple: to the second son he gave half the remainder, and half an apple: to the third son he gave half the remainder, and half an apple: to the fourth son he gave half the remainder, and half an apple: and to the fifth and youngest son he gave one apple. Notwithstanding this operation, none of the apples were cut. How many had he? D. N. S.

Polkville, Miss.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What was the difference between Noah's Ark and Joan of Arc? Ans.—One was made of wood, and the other was Maid of Orleans.

☞ Why are bees like merchants? Ans.—Because they sell their honey.

☞ Why are trees like swine? Ans.—Because they root in the ground.

☞ Why is a person's breath, in a Winter's morning, like the Prince of Wales? Ans.—It is an heir apparent.

☞ What are breaches of trust? Ans.—Trowsers procured on tick.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown.

ENIGMA.—The Washington Monument.

CHARADE.—Electioneering.

PROBLEM.

A's age,	84	years.
B's age,	42	"
C's age,	14	"